

The American Girl

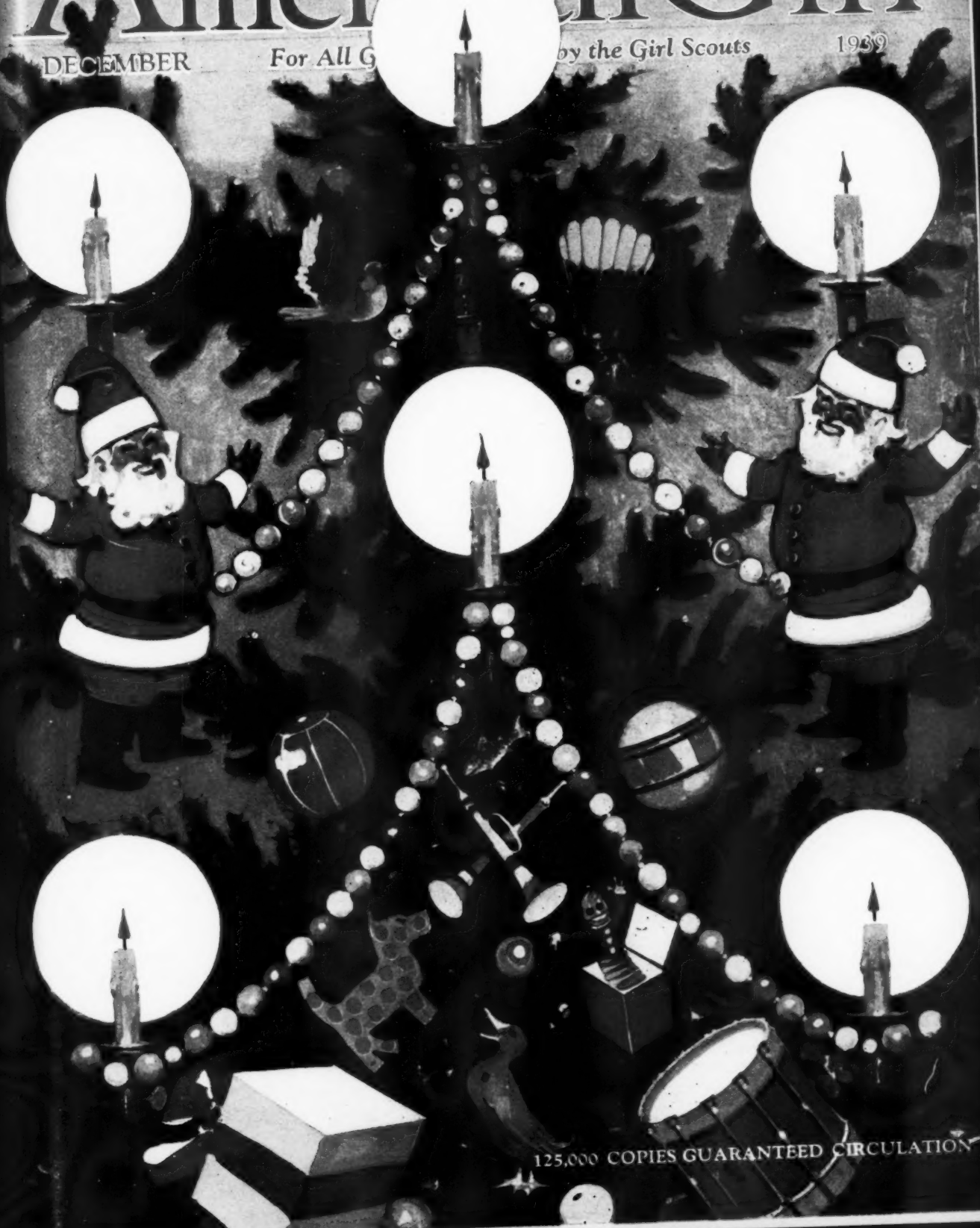
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DECEMBER

For All Girls

by the Girl Scouts

1939



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DEAR SANTA

PLEASE, THIS, THIS,
and THIS



The Sport Scarf, of soft rayon (full 19" square), boasts a new design, and comes in new color combinations—wine with peach and cadet blue; navy with white and scarlet; or hunter green with yellow and vermilion.
11-678 Each\$.50

A Sweater, of soft all-wool zephyr yarn, is knitted in the baby-shaker stitch, with ribbing design on sleeves and collar.
8-251 For Girl Scouts. Sizes 8-20.....\$2.95
8-252 For Brownie. Sizes 8-12.....2.95
8-253 For Mariners (with turtle neck).
Sizes 12-202.95

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8-902 Set, assorted colors.....\$.40
8-903 Set, red and blue......40

An Envelope Bag for leaders and Senior Scouts is of deep green leatherette, with rayon lining, and designed with a "handcuff" handle on the zipper slide, and glove compartment.
11-625 Envelope Bag, 10" x 9".....\$1.25



O-107 \$3.50

An Official Uniform! The Christmas wish of every loyal Girl Scout. A uniform designed with style, and worn with pride. (Be sure to have your uniform order signed by your leader.)

0-107 Sanforized Girl Scout uniform.....\$3.50
0-144 Blocked beret, green wool.....1.00
0-121 Neckerchief50
0-161 Green web belt......50

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.
National Equipment Service
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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES, XXIII

MOTHER AND CHILD

painted by

GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH

*Courtesy of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*

(For biographical note about the artist turn to page 38)

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

DECEMBER • 1939

Christmas IN THE SOUTH

Christmas customs in other lands differ from ours, but even within our own great country there are many fascinating ways of celebrating Christmas

By ELLIS CREDLE

Photographs by CHARLES TOWNSEND

CHRISTMAS is the signal for rejoicing everywhere in these United States, and in the South, where the people have long been noted for their light-heartedness, the celebrations are particularly gay and exuberant. With the heritage handed down to these modern dwellers below the Mason-Dixon line, it could hardly be otherwise. The various national groups which settled in this warmer section of our country soon had any rigor and sternness which they may have had in the beginning taken out of them by the relaxing climate and the easy-going ways of their neighbors.

Any excuse was seized upon for a celebration. The business of harvesting the crops was often made into a great festival-picnic, with neighbors for twenty miles around taking part. There was fiddling, dancing, tables loaded with venison, turkey, ham, quail, and every kind of dainty that the housewife could concoct. According to a description left to us by John Lawson, who traveled through the Carolinas in the year 1700, these affairs often cost the landowner considerably more than the value of the crop that was harvested during the occasion.

With hearts so full of the joy of living, it was inevitable that Southerners should have made much of the Christmas festival. In old plantation times the celebrations were joyous and lavish. Early in the morning the slaves formed a procession which shuffled past the front door of the "great house" where the master and his family stood to wish each one a merry Christmas and to pass out a gift to each, together with the new clothes, bright turbans, and lengths of calico which were to do the colored folk for the following half year. That night there would be a big dinner in the slave quarters, and joyous, unrestrained dancing to the jigs of banjos and fiddles.

At the same time, in the plantation house, a more elegant party would be going on, with belles and beaux from the whole countryside bowing and skipping in the dances of the period, the silk and satin hoop-skirts swaying like a garden of

great flower bells set in motion. The climax of the entertainment, enjoyed alike by the black folk among the cabins and the gentlefolk from the great house, was usually a magnificent display of fireworks.

Christmas celebrations sometimes lasted for a week, with guests cramming every available room in the plantation house. There would be fox hunts in the morn-

ing, or horse racing; eggnog breakfasts; tea-drinkings and card playing in the afternoons. Dancing went on almost every evening; sometimes there were amateur theatricals, or fortune telling by some old Negress called in from the quarters, or a hay-ride behind jogging horses underneath the moon.

The planter class which had the means to indulge in such entertainments was swept away by the War between the States, but the ebullient spirits of the Southern people were not dimmed by the change in their circumstances. Nowadays Christmas is ushered in, everywhere in Dixie, with the crackling and booming of fireworks, like the Fourth of July elsewhere. For days beforehand, the air is aquiver with the banging and popping of firecrackers set off by the children—small, harmless crackers no bigger than a candle on a birthday cake, grading upward to over-sized, ear-splitting "baby-wakers." The summit of this explosive method of celebration comes on Christmas eve after dark, though sometimes the treat is kept until Christmas night. In many towns a display of fireworks is set off as a part of the municipal celebrations.

Just as in other parts of the country, the children hang up their stockings on Christmas eve, and old Santa comes jingling in his sleigh, wrapped up snugly in red flannels and ermine, undismayed by the warmth of the climate. It seems a bit strange to think of him in palm-shaded Florida, swathed in flannel and furs.

Christmas trees twinkle throughout the South, though not the same varieties that are used in the North. The prickly holly with its clusters of scarlet berries, which grows everywhere in this temperate climate, is the most popular tree for

Christmas, though sometimes the cedar with its frosty blue balls is set up in the place of honor and decorated with shining baubles.

Along with the rest of the country, the South is beginning to realize the beauty of living trees transformed by holiday trimmings. One of the loveliest of these is lighted each year in old Colonial Wilmington, in the tidewater section of North Carolina. It is a giant live oak with a branch spread of one hundred and ten feet. Thousands of multi-colored lights are looped among the glistening, evergreen leaves and the silvery beards of Spanish moss which trail from its branches.

White folk and Negroes alike share in this ceremony. Christmas carols and hymns are sung by the whites, and from the dusky throats of the Negroes pour out Christmas spirituals—the gentle "Sweet Little Jesus Boy" and the exultant "Go tell it on de Mountain". This latter song is particularly well suited to the nature of the Negroes. They shout it out, all together, in the richest, throatiest harmony, singing—as only the Negroes can sing—the triumphant admonition composed by some humble, unknown member of their own race.

Christmas dinner below the Mason-Dixon line is likely to be somewhat like that in all other parts of the United States, unless, as in rare cases nowadays, a certain fascinating culinary triumph of old Charleston is placed upon the table. At first glance this would seem like nothing more than a fine gobbler, roasted as usual and served with the accustomed garnishings. But cut through the turkey—and the carver is surprised. He



UP A TREE FOR CHRISTMAS MISTLETOE



EARLY IN THE MORNING THE SLAVES CAME TO THE GREAT HOUSE FOR THEIR GIFTS

finds his Christmas dish something like a set of those delightful little Chinese boxes which fit neatly one inside the other. Inside the turkey is a flavorsome goose, inside the goose nestles a small duck or a chicken, which in turn hides a quail. This tasty game bird is the covering for another, a tiny ricebird no bigger than a pecan nut. This small dainty is usually placed upon the platter of the youngest child at the table. The traditional dessert is syllabub, and Christmas would not be Christmas without it.

Just as in the old days, there are eggnog breakfasts on Christmas day, though small and informal ones. The larger parties and the dances are not held in the homes as often these days as formerly, for the houses are not modeled on the spacious design of the old plantation houses. The country club is usually the scene of these modern affairs.

Scattered throughout the South are close-knit communities of the same national backgrounds which have clung to their own particular Christmas customs. These picturesque and traditional celebrations make a colorful divergence from the Christmas pattern. One of the gayest is the Spanish Christmas of San Antonio, Texas. As time goes, it is not so long ago that San Antonio was a part of Old Mexico and, as such, her holiday celebrations were descended from those of the Spanish Conquistadors, who conquered the land in the



BREAKING THE PIÑATA IN THE GAY AND COLORFUL CELEBRATION AT SAN ANTONIO

sixteenth century and imposed their language and their customs upon it. San Antonio, under American rule, has become American in all save a few such heritages as its unique Christmas festivities. Things begin with the Posadas on the sixteenth of December. Couples, representing Joseph and Mary, go from door to door for nine days before Christmas, singing songs which tell of their wanderings and troubles, knocking, and asking to be given shelter. But a gruff voice always answers from within and sends them on their way. At last, on Christmas eve, knocking at the door of a friend, they are taken in and there is feasting and singing. At midnight comes the high spot of the affair—the breaking of the Piñata. A large pottery jar, filled with gifts, candies, and fruits in bright wrappings is brought in and suspended in a doorway. A young person is blindfolded, given a stick, and instructed to break the jar. What dodging and laughing there is as he strikes out at the Piñata! *Crash!* He has hit the target and there is a mad scramble for the shining rain of gifts which scatters about the floor.

Los Pastores (The Shepherds), a traditional Christmas play, also takes place on Christmas eve. It is an ancient and primitive spectacle, a mixture of Christianity and Mexican Indian paganism. Its twenty-four rôles are handed down from parents to children and are a cherished heritage. The for-

tunate girl who plays the part of Mary must be at least twelve years old, and she must resign when she marries or reaches the age of twenty. The play, which runs for twenty-four nights, begins at eight in the evening and lasts until one or two o'clock in the morning. It is acted with all the reverence and solemnity of the Passion Play of Oberammergau. The story presented is, briefly, that of the shepherds to whom the angels appear announcing the birth of Christ. In spite of the heavenly visitation, their leader has a hard time persuading them that the Messiah has indeed come, but, once convinced, they set out for Bethlehem. The comedy element is supplied by one of their number, a sleepy, foolish fellow. Along the way, they are set upon by eight devils who have also heard the news and who fear that their sway is ended. But the shepherds outnumber the devils, two to one, and emerge from the fracas victorious, administering sound beatings to the evil ones. At Bethlehem, they find the Christ Child lying in a manger beneath the miraculous star, and they fall down and worship Him and offer Him gifts.

Nowhere in the United States have a group of people clung as tenaciously to their own peculiar Christmas beliefs as in a little village called Rodanthe, on sea-swept Hatteras Island. One reason for this may be that the people have lived an isolated life, cut off from their fellows by miles of treacherous water. The region around the long, narrow, sand barriers across the face of North Carolina is known as the graveyard of the Atlantic, and the little settlement has seen many a fine ship go down, caught in the clutch- (Continued on page 49)



IN RODANTHE THE OLD FOLKS FROWN UPON CHRISTMAS TREES AS NEWFANGLED FUSS

"COMFORT *and* JOY"

TWILIGHT was closing in, as the first heavy snow of the season buffeted the windows of the Merriams' old house, *ssb, ssb.* Sharp particles of sleet pricked against the glass.

In the long double parlors, swept and garnished for Christmas, a faint odor of brass polish from the candlesticks and fire irons mingled with the spicy fragrance of the wreaths, and lost itself in the forest freshness of the tree, which stood in its time-honored corner in the back room, trimmed and expectant, the star on its topmost pinnacle brushing the ceiling. In the front parlor a fire was laid ready for lighting, a sprig of evergreen topping the logs. There was no sound but the storm and the distance-muffled tick of the hall clock, and sometimes, without apparent cause, a tiny *tink* from a crystal prism of the chandelier peeping, with its fellows, through a spray of mistletoe and holly.

No one was stirring but Nippy, the family cat, who, slipping up the stairs from the basement like a small tiger-striped spirit, paused to look in at the back parlor door. The rooms looked unfamiliar in their Christmas array, but, gathering courage, he entered and stole through on furtive pads. Halting at the fireplace, he elongated his neck, stretched across the fender, and sniffed at the evergreen.

After strenuous hours of holiday preparation, Aunt Marcia was lying down in her room at the end of the hall, Duke, the bull terrier, with head on paws, on the floor beside her bed. Meg, the younger Merriam, was not in evidence. Her sister, Phyllis, door closed and lights burning, sat on a bed full of gay frippery—colored paper, Christmas seals, and gold cord, a mysterious package or two perky with ribbons, and a scattering of attractive articles as yet not wrapped. These were Phyl's presents for the family, which must be ready for the gift-giving that evening after dinner. Remembrances for outside friends already had been personally delivered, or entrusted to the post.

A step in the hall outside Phyl's room and a tap on her door interrupted her struggle with a strip of tinsel which stubbornly refused to lend itself to a graceful bowknot. "Don't come in, Meg," she called, though she knew that, at this season, closed doors were meticulously respected. She peeped through a discreetly opened crack. "Oh, it's you, Lobelia. Come in."

"Ah been sortin' de laundry, Miss Phyl," the young colored maid explained, depositing her burden of freshly ironed clothes on a chair. "You-all sure has a passel o' clo's in, dis week." The honey-sweetness of her voice softened the implied reproach and, as her gaze swept the contents of the bed, she bubbled into delighted laughter. "Lawzee, Miss Phyl, but you suttin' is tasty. Who dat for?" Her brown forefinger pounced on the showiest article of Phyl's display, a piece of costume jewelry, a clip set with blue and red stones.

"That's for Miss Meg." Phyl was pleased at the girl's appreciation. "It matches her new dress."

Lobelia turned the trinket admiringly in her hand. "Miss Meg gwine to walk proud like a li'l banty rooster when she step out in dat." There was a hint of wistfulness in her smile as she laid the gift back among the others.

"By the way—" Phyl turned to the closet and pulled out a large bundle—"these are the things that Aunt Marcia promised to hunt up for your church. You might as well take them now. Oh, my goodness, there's the doorbell!"

"Ah'll go, Miss Phyl," offered the colored girl.

"No, never mind. You haven't your white apron." Phyl poked her head into the hall. "Meg!" she called, "Meg,

A small lost messenger from stormy skies brings Phyl a message of "comfort and joy" when disaster menaces her Christmas plans

By MARY AVERY GLEN



Illustrated by
ROBB BEEBE

will you answer the door bell? It's Stan Mercer, I think."

"Can't. Taking a bath." Meg's muffled voice, accompanied by splashing, came from behind the bathroom door.

Phyl tore off the old green sweater, out at the elbows, that she had been wearing while she worked, and flung it on the bed. Then, changing her mind, she retrieved it and thrust it on top of Lobelia's bundle. "Take that down and throw it away, will you, Lobelia? And you might take down my trash basket, too." She turned to the mirror to pat her hair as the bell gave a second peal.

It was Stan Mercer, a tall red-haired youth astonishingly like his younger sister, Dilsey, one of the Merriams' intimate friends.

"Dill 'phoned you'd be around, Stan," Phyl said, hugging the bright-colored packages—gifts from Dilsey to Meg and herself—that he had given into her keeping. "Won't you come in and see our tree?" No, he wouldn't come in, said Stanley. He still had half-a-dozen errands to do for his mother and sister.

"Great storm," he added. "If it's clear to-morrow morning, how'd you and Meg like a ride downhill on the old bob? They'll start the snowplow by seven. That'll pack the roads fine. Dill's going, and a couple of the fellows."

"We'd love it! Of course we'll go. Yes, half past nine'll be all right," smiled Phyl. "And, oh, Stan," she said as he



LOBELIA ADMIRERD THE TRINKET IN HER HAND. "MISS MEG GWINE TO WALK PROUD LIKE A LI'L BANTY ROOSTER WHEN SHE STEP OUT IN DAT!" SHE PROPHESED ENVIOUSLY



cushions on the chair. But the gay clip was not to be found. "This is ridiculous. That clip couldn't walk off by itself, and who would have taken it? Duke or Nippy couldn't get in. Lobelia shut the door."

Lobelia! Lobelia, she remembered, had admired the clip extravagantly.

"I won't think such a thing," Phyl told herself in indignant distress, "especially on Christmas Eve. Of course, Lobelia wouldn't take Meg's present. Why, she's *our* Lobelia!" Half crying, she ran into her aunt's room.

Aunt Marcia was almost as much upset as Phyl. She hurried through the hall in her dressing gown, examining the carpet all the

turned to leave, "we're going to see you to-morrow night at our party, aren't we? Dill said so, over the 'phone."

"Yessum, it's a date." Looking back, he gave her a wide, friendly grin, then the snow blotted out his departing figure.

With his offhand "Merry Christmas!" sounding in her ears, Phyl hurried back to her interrupted work. "I'll wrap Meg's present next," she told herself.

Meg's present? Why, where was the pretty clip set with red and blue stones? Frowning, she turned over the pillow and flapped up the corners of the spread. "It was here a minute ago. Where on earth—?" She dropped to her knees and felt about under the bed.

Nothing there. Scrambling up, Phyl investigated the dressing table and the top of the chest of drawers. She went over the carpet, flower by flower, and looked under the

way to the front door, and, coming back, turned into Phyl's room and searched it thoroughly herself. "But you're right, dear, we mustn't think such a thing about Lobelia. We've had her too long, and know her too well. I don't believe for a moment she'd take anything that didn't belong to her. It seems so mean to suspect a servant the minute anything in the house is missing."

"What'll I do, Aunt Marcia? I haven't a thing to give Meg except a few joke presents. Baker and Pettit's must be open still. Maybe I could run down and get her something else, if I had a little money."

With a glance at the snow-churned windows, Aunt Marcia shook her head. "Not in this storm. I'd gladly give you the money, dear—you know that—but it's not fit for you to go out. Besides, it's so near the store's closing time—and Christmas Eve—that you'd just get something you wouldn't want. It was that particular clip Meg wanted, and you said yourself there wasn't another like it. I'm positive it'll turn up before long."

Sitting upon the bed again, after her aunt had gone, Phyl thought over the steps which had led up to the disappearance of the clip. Lobelia had been alone in the room and had gone downstairs while she, Phyl, was at the front door. Wait a minute! Why hadn't she thought of this before? Lobelia had taken the wastebasket downstairs with her!

She ran into the empty hall and dashed down the back stairs. In the dusk, the basement kitchen was pleasant and orderly, still soapy-damp from recent scrubbing. There was a fire in the old-fashioned range, and the red apertures of the open draft threw a reflection on the floor like a chain of bright beads. Motionless in a tall Boston rocker, tufted both seat and back in calico, Lobelia was resting from her labors.

"Lawzee, Miss Phyl," she cried, startled, "yo' scairt me!"

"Where's my wastebasket?" Phyl asked excitedly. "No, not the basket," she added as Lobelia, mouth open, pointed

As she rose, her ear caught a sudden scuttling rustle, small but attention compelling, behind the logs. "Is that you, Nippy?" She spoke aloud, startled by the sound's nearness. She focused the light on the spot, but no cold little cat crept out to wreath, complaining, about her ankles. "Lobelia!" she called. "Oh, Lobelia! There's something out here behind the wood. It's moving."

Lobelia responded promptly, apron thrown over her head



"OH, LOBELIA!" PHYL CALLED.
"THERE'S SOMETHING BEHIND
THAT WOOD—AND IT'S MOVING!"

at the corner. "I mean the trash that was in the basket." "Oh, dat!" Lobelia got to her feet. "Dat out in de airy, in de trash can. What's eatin' you, Miss Phyl?"

"Miss Meg's present. It's lost. I can't find it anywhere."

If Lobelia had a sense of guilt, her manner did not betray it. "Miss Meg's present? You mean dem red an' blue stones? Law, Miss Phyl, I'se mighty sorry! You-all want me to look in de trash can?"

"No." Phyl shook her head. "I'll go." From a shelf in the kitchen closet she took a flash light and, snatching an old cape of Aunt Marcia's from a hook, she swung it about her shoulders and slipped outside.

The "airy" was a stone-flagged rectangle outside the kitchen, bounded on its exposed side by the tall white stilts which supported the balcony porch above, and closed in at either end by a clapboarded ell of the house. Protected by its position, away from the drive of the storm, it was fairly free of snow. At one end a pile of wood was neatly stacked, kindlings and short logs for the parlor fire.

The covered trash can stood in a corner against the logs, safe from the snatching gale. Phyl found she could explore it without dragging the cumbersome thing into the kitchen. Flash light in hand, she persevered to the finish, squeezing and discarding wads of paper; then, bending almost double, she groped about the bottom of the can. Nothing there.

and clutched beneath her chin. "Leave me at it, Miss Phyl!" Crowding Phyl away, she pushed the logs apart.

"Look out! It might be a snake!"

"If dere's any ole possum a-hidin' out in dis wood, Ah'll snake him," the colored girl declared belligerently. "Oh, Miss Phyl! Ain't dat cute? It's a li'l brown duck!" By one protesting leg she dragged the stowaway into sight.

Incredible though it seemed, a little duck it was. A wild duck apparently, tawny-brown, its innocent black shoe-button eyes turning giddily to the light. As Phyl, amazed and enraptured, laid a hand on its feathers, its bill opened wide, then clapped shut again tremulously, and its body yielded to a shaking chill.

"It's cold! It's nearly frozen!" Followed by Lobelia, Phyl turned the door knob and bore the duck into the kitchen. She set it on the table, where it stood as if dazed, one webbed foot on top of the other.

"That left-over corn bread, Lobelia! That's right, crumb it up! Yes, turn on the light. It's so high it won't blind him." She touched the duck's smooth head. "Oh, darling, you're precious!"

"Maybe Ducky come down from de sky 'cause Miss Meg ain't got no Christmas present," Lobelia suggested sweetly.

Phyl looked thoughtful. "There's something in that," she conceded. Lobelia's disarming coöperation broke down her suspicion which had unavoidably returned since the trash can had yielded nothing.

The corn bread was a happy thought. Although his sleepy time was at hand, Ducky was ravenous. He shoveled the food in, and ceased to shake. He turned his head from side to side and looked the table over. Then, suddenly, with arrow swiftness, he dipped his bill (Continued on page 44)

STARS, SUN, AND SKIS

"On location"—what magic those words suggest to movie fans! Here is an inside account of what goes on when director, technicians, stars, and the company, go on location to shoot outdoor scenes

By ETHEL SEVERSON

HOW would you like to have a winter sports outfit, a ticket to Sun Valley complete with all expenses paid while there, and a movie contract, all drop into your lap at one time? It sounds like a dream, doesn't it? But that is just what had happened to the eighteen young people in the special Pullman that left Los Angeles at eight o'clock on an evening in late January, amid a clamor of farewells, waving of hands, and a mingled fragrance of going-away corsages.

We were Stock Company Number One for the picture, "I Met Him in Paris," made in Sun Valley during the first season of that world-famous winter resort, a thousand miles northeast of Hollywood in the heart of the Sawtooth Mountains of Idaho. Stock Company Number Two was much larger, came a month later, and spent only one week on the location. We



THE AUTHOR HERSELF IN SKI CLOTHES READY TO REHEARSE HER SWOOP DOWN THE HILL

TOP: CLAUDETTE COLBERT BECAME A SKI ENTHUSIAST AS A RESULT OF HER EXPERIENCE ON LOCATION AT SUN VALLEY DURING THE SHOOTING OF THE ALPINE SEQUENCES IN THE PICTURE, "I MET HIM IN PARIS"

MELVYN DOUGLAS AND CLAUDETTE COLBERT HAVE A GOOD TIME PRACTICING SKATING ON THE RINK AT SUN VALLEY





LEFT: PART OF THE SWISS RESORT VILLAGE SET, BUILT HIGH IN THE SAWTOOTH MOUNTAINS OF IDAHO FOR IMPORTANT SEQUENCES IN "I MET HIM IN PARIS." THIS IS THE KIND OF SCENE YOU DON'T SEE IN THE MOVIE—CREW AND EQUIPMENT, CAMERA, REFLECTORS, MICROPHONE, ETC.

BELOW: AT THE START OF THE BOBSLED RUN ON TOP OF DOLLAR MOUNTAIN ARE THE STAR AND HER TWO LEADING MEN—ROBERT YOUNG AND MELVYN DOUGLAS (BEHIND THE ICICLES)

Photographs by courtesy of Paramount unless otherwise credited

were the fortunates who had been selected to stay on location during the entire making of the picture, which was expected to take three to five weeks. As a matter of fact, we were there seven weeks. We count them as seven of the most memorable weeks of our lives.

Besides the players, enough people to populate a fair sized village had been sent to Sun Valley by the Studio. These included people in a wide range of trades and professions—carpenters, grips, electricians, laborers, drivers, cameramen, artists, machinists, painters, horse experts, scenarists, director, publicity men, secretaries, interior decorators, technical advisor, auditors, script clerks, doctor, make-up artists, wardrobe men and women, property men, sound technicians, drapery experts, hairdressers, caterers, and many others.

A replica of an Alpine village had been constructed in the midst of January's cold and snows, and many were the tales that drifted South to us of sub-zero temperatures, delays by storm, illness. Now actual shooting was to commence, and actors and actresses were being sent to the location. Claudette Colbert, the star, and her *entourage*—mother, hairdresser, maid, and double—had preceded us by two days. And now the stock players had been called to the scene of action—we who were to work throughout the picture, in backgrounds, as we were needed.

Who were the aspirants who had survived all the gruelling mass interviews, the culling out, the wardrobe rehearsals, the critical inspections by Director Ruggles, the admonitions about the possible hardships of living in a higher altitude, in snow country—all the slips between rumor and realization?

There were eleven girls. I looked around at the other ten. All of them were pretty, nearly all very young. On acquaintance, it developed that there was a swimming champion, an expert equestrienne with horses of her own, a singer, a dancer, a fashion model, a well known aviatrix. The youngest girl was just out of a convent. Most of the girls had worked in pictures before; some depended on pictures for their livelihood. To three or four, like myself, being in a picture



Photograph by the author

was a new experience.

Among the seven assorted men, most of whom were stalwart and athletic looking, were an ex-football player, an ex-track star, a professional ice skating comedian, a motion picture dancer, a business man on leave from his business (that was Buck), and two older men with strong foreign accents.

Surprisingly enough, not one of the girls knew how to ski, and only one of the men, Buck, who had learned in St. Moritz years before. I immediately received sixteen applications for skiing lessons, and no amount of pro-



RIGHT: MISS COLBERT AND HER TWO SUITORS APPROACH THE ST. GEORG IN A CUTTER. THE BUILDINGS ARE PART OF THE PICTURESQUE SWISS VILLAGE MOVIE SET

BELOW CENTER: PART OF THE TROUPE ENJOY LUNCH OUTSIDE THE "POTATO HUT" ON TOP OF PROCTOR MOUNTAIN. THEY'LL GO BACK TO WORK SOON, MAKING BACKGROUND SCENES NEAR THE RUSTIC HUT BUILT BY THE COMPANY FARTHER UP THE SLOPE

AT FOOT OF PAGE: THE SKATING RINK, THE ST. GEORG WITH REAL SMOKE POURING FROM ITS CHIMNEY, AND A LARGE PART OF THE TROUPE DISPORTING ON THE ICE DURING THE FILMING OF A LARGE SCENE IN THE PICTURE



testation could convince the troupe that I really was urgently in need of skiing lessons myself.

We kept hearing rumors all during the day and two nights that we were on the train—we were to be up at five o'clock the morning of our arrival at Ketchum, made-up, costumed, and ready to work in the first scene; no, we were not being called until seven; we would have the first day for rest; all wrong, said the third rumor, we were to be in costume and make-up, not for actual work, but for publicity pictures at the station. Nothing was confirmed, so we kept on speculating.

The two wardrobe women gave us each a bundle containing the skiing and skating costumes which the Studio had provided for us, after many fittings, changes of accessories, and a final personal okay from the director. We besieged the make-up man—those of us who were novices—for instructions on applying our screen make-up.

The last night we could hardly sleep for excitement. The final orders were for us to be up at five, made-up and completely costumed for seven o'clock arrival. It seemed like the middle of the night—it was still pitch-dark—when the call came, and soon make-up and ski clothes were flying wildly about. Somehow, out of all the noise and confusion, emerged eighteen pseudo inhabitants of St. Moritz.

A soft snowfall greeted us at Ketchum. So did publicity men and others, all dressed in sheep-lined coats. Snow country, indeed! We could see scarcely a rod ahead of us. This was no camera weather.

"Ha! We can't work to-day!" we chuckled.

Very true—but some one called my name. "We have a station wagon out here for you and Buck. You're going out to the set to rehearse."

The rest of the troupe was whisked off to the hotel, to warm rooms, baths, rest. But I was glad of a chance to see the set, to be initiated.

Off we drove, through twelve miles of soft snowstorm, to the Studio version of St. Moritz, in a lonely but beautiful cañon, through which wound a narrow stream. Tree-clad mountains rose on all sides, dimly seen through the veil of snow. The largest building was the St. Georg Hotel, which was actually a stage and was used for interior as well as exterior scenes. The front of it was built in the style of a quaint old Swiss hotel, with St. Georg and the dragon painted in gilt and bright colors covering half the façade. The back part of the building, not to be shown in scenes, was business-like and undecorative. The interior was used like any sound stage in Hollywood, with rooms and (Continued on page 31)

Illustrated by
PELAGIE
DOANE

THE NICK *of*



HE PROUDLY UNFOLDED THE BEDSPREAD FOR THEM TO SEE

IT ALL started when Cousin Emmie gave me the green wool thread. She came over to our house one day, and tossed about a dozen skeins of it on Mother's bed.

"I want to give this thread to Lucy Ellen," she said. "I bought it on sale, but it was a sad mistake. Green makes me look bilious, Mary, and my figure is not what it once was. I tried on Gussie's knitted dress—it makes my hips look very wide." She turned to me. "It can't make *your* hips look wide!"

"I'm so glad to get it, Cousin Emmie," I said. "It's lovely thread." It was awfully nice yarn, and a color that goes well with my hair. I thought how stunning it would be to wear to the Thanksgiving game, if I could just get it knitted in time.

"You'll never do that, Toots," Fanny said, when I told her. "It took you three months to knit the pink sweater. But Father has been telling us about a Mrs. Milliken who is terribly hard up and wants knitting to do. Why don't you get her to do it for you?"

"Where does she live?" I asked.

"Father can tell us how to get there," Fanny said. "It's about twelve miles up Willow Creek. He went up there lots last winter, when Mr. Milliken had flu."

And that is why, early one Saturday morning, we climbed into Fanny's old roadster, the Yellow Peril, to go to the Millikens. Mother was uneasy when we told her we were going up Willow Creek. "I've never been up that road," she said, "but I've heard it is very narrow and rough. Will you promise to drive carefully, Fanny?"

"Yes, *ma'am*!" said Fanny, though of course she and Mother have altogether different ideas about what careful driving is. "We'll be back by noon."

If I had known then what I know now, I wouldn't have expected to be back by noon, or ever. The creek road is deceptive, the first three or four miles of it are good. We passed a country store where some men were sitting on the porch, playing checkers. We passed a blacksmith shop where a man was shoeing an old mare and her little colt was standing by her, looking worried.

We didn't pass anything else after that—I mean no sign of human habitation. And, with every turn of the wheels, the road got steeper and rockier. The engine got hot and Fanny made the mistake of stopping to let it cool. The brakes wouldn't hold and we started rolling backward down a hill

TIME

By FRANCES FITZPATRICK WRIGHT

It all began with the gift of some green yarn and Lucy Ellen's desire for a new knit dress for the Thanksgiving game—but she did not dream she'd become involved in aiding an old lady in distress

that was practically a mountain. I sprang out and grabbed a big rock and scotched a wheel, Fanny did something to the emergency brake, and by a miracle we got the car to a standstill.

"Fanny," I said, "let's go home. We are lost."

"Oh, no, we're not," said Fanny. "Father said for us to follow this road until we came to a water mill. Mr. Milliken is a miller. Isn't it a coincidence—the name I mean, miller, Milliken?"

"Fanny," I said furiously, "don't be facetious. I wish you'd turn around."

"Now *you* are being facetious!" Fanny remarked. "We certainly can't turn around here. We can back down, or we can go forward. Take your choice."

I saw that she was right. We were wedged, simply wedged,

between a bluff of solid rock and a fast-running, muddy creek.

"Get in," coaxed Fanny, "and let's take another try at this hill." She threw the car into low, and gasping and knocking, it did somehow pull the grade. I was glad, I can tell you, when the old mill came in sight.

It wasn't running that day. The door was closed and the wheel turned idly. We went around to the side of the mill where the house stands; it is a double log house, with a dog-trot between.

Fanny called, "Mr. Milliken! Mr. Milliken!" Clear as a bell, from the cliff across the creek, the echo came, "Mr. Milliken! Mr. Milliken!" It was uncanny. I mean it made me feel like Rip Van Winkle or something. Then the door opened, and the old miller came out. I had imagined he would be short and fat and contented, like the miller of Dee in my old reader, but he wasn't. He was tall and stooped and feeble, and he had a worried look on his face.

"Come in," he said.

It was so dark inside, after the bright sunshine outdoors, that at first I didn't see the old woman who sat in a wheel chair, near the one window. She didn't get up, of course; she didn't speak, but just bobbed her head at us and smiled, a little, twisted smile.

"My wife," said the old man, "but she don't speak no more. She got a stroke five years ago."

Mrs. Milliken's face was thin and pale and transparent looking, her hair was white, her little body was all twisted to one side, but her eyes were blue and very much alive. You could see that she had once been pretty, and that she still was vain of her appearance. The kerchief around her neck was as white as snow, and fastened with a coral brooch. Her hair was neatly done up, the bangs across her forehead had been curled on hairpins. One hand lay in her lap, the other one she kept out of sight, under a lace-trimmed apron.

We sat down and I wanted to be polite so I said, "It must be nice work to run a water mill."

"It's not bad kind er work," the old miller answered, "only not many folks bodder to come to mill any more." He threw out his hands in a gesture of resignation. "Dey druther go get some meal and flour from out a store. Roller mills have done finished water mills."

I thought it was time to change the subject. "We heard that Mrs. Milliken does such nice knitting," I said. "I wondered if she would knit a dress for me."

At that the old woman nodded her head and tried to speak. She could not articulate words, but she did make a strange, eager sound.

"She just got one hand she can use much, any more," said the old man, "but she knits fine, just the same. I show you how good she can knit." He went to a cupboard in the corner of the room, took out a knitted bedspread, and proudly unfolded it for us to see. It was the prettiest bedspread I have ever seen, much prettier than the ones Mother and Cousin Emmie made.

I unwrapped my thread and the knitting instructions I had brought. I pointed out some changes I wanted, and the old woman nodded her head and made that



"RIGHT AT CHRISTMAS," I GASPED. "OH, FANNY, THAT'S JUST THREE WEEKS OFF"

funny, eager sound—her way of showing that she understood.

"I would like to get it in time to wear Thanksgiving," I explained, "if you think you can finish it by then."

She nodded her head again, and when I asked what it would cost, she raised her right hand and spread the fingers.

"Five dollars, dot's what she says," the old man explained.

We left pretty soon, and as we were driving home Fanny said, "That's what I call true romance."

"You mean he's in love with her, don't you?" I asked.

"Absolutely," Fanny said. "Old and speechless and crippled as she is, she gets more devotion from her husband, I'll bet, than Cleopatra ever got from anybody."

"I'm worried about them, Fanny," I told her. "Do you think they have enough to eat?"

"Father says they do," Fanny said. "They have a cow and some chickens, and a garden and an orchard, and he earns a little out of the mill to buy the other things with."

"Where does he get the other things, like sugar and coffee?" I asked. "They seem to live at the jumping-off place."

"He has an old horse he rides to town now and then, or to the store we passed, coming up. Oh, they can manage to live, Lucy Ellen. What they can't manage is paying off a mortgage they owe. Mr. Milliken borrowed money when his wife had her stroke. He was in the bank, the other day, Father said, trying to borrow more money to stave off foreclosure, but he couldn't get it."

After that, I was so busy I forgot all about the Millikens until we went back, the Tuesday before Thanksgiving, to get the dress. When we got there, another car was parked at the gate.

"That's Shady Carter's car," muttered Fanny. "Father says he holds the mortgage on this place. And you know how Shady is. He can get blood out of a turnip, if anybody can."

Sure enough, when we went in, there was Shady, looking more than ever like a boll weevil. Mrs. Milliken had been crying, but she wiped her eyes and wheeled herself across the room to the cupboard to get my dress. It was the nicest knitting I've ever seen—I mean even Cousin Emmie couldn't equal it. When the men went outside, I tried it on; it was a perfect fit.

I handed Mrs. Milliken the money, and she took it eagerly. Then she pressed the bills back into my hand and motioned toward the gate. I was puzzled, but Fanny caught on.

"She says, take it to Shady," she said grimly.

I took the money out and handed it to Mr. Milliken. His face broke into a smile that was sadder than tears. "Ach," he said huskily, "ain't nobody got a wife like dot, but me! All she can make, she iss making, to try to save dis old place." He handed the money over to Mr. Carter, who counted it and calmly shoved it into his pocket.

On the way home Fanny bounced indignantly over rocks and ruts. "It makes me so mad!" she stormed. "That creature, that Shady Shylock, is going to take that poor little place away from those two old darlings."

"Oh Fanny," I groaned, "surely even he wouldn't be so mean! Why, where would they go? Have they any children?"

"None living," Fanny said. "Father said their only son died when he was about grown. They'll have to go to the poorhouse, if they lose that place. Oh, I wish I were rich! I'd pay off that old mortgage, and then try to get Shady put in jail for extortion."

"It made me just sick, Fanny," I said, "to see him pocket that poor little five dollars. Think of all the rows and rows of stitches she knitted, just for him."

"Of course you and I, and practically all our friends, live in mortgaged homes," said Fanny, "but it's not so hard when people are younger and can make some money to pay the interest."

It just haunted my dreams, that night; and Thanksgiving day, when I was all dressed for the game, I couldn't feel gay about how spiffy I looked in my new green knit. I kept thinking about that desperate look on Mrs. Milliken's face when she shoved the money back into my hands.

Fanny came home from the game with me, to spend the night. "Listen!" she said explosively. "Did you know that the Milliken place has been advertised for a foreclosure sale by that blood-sucking Shylock? It's going to be sold on the steps of the courthouse the fifteenth of December."

"Right at Christmas!" I gasped. "Oh, Fanny, that is just three weeks off. She can't possibly knit enough to save the day, can she? No matter how much we get her to do."

"Of course she can't," said Fanny. "It makes me so mad! And you'd just as well appeal for mercy to that iron statue of a Confederate soldier in the courthouse yard, as to Shady Carter."

We lay there, trying to think of something to do. Suddenly an idea hit me, and I sat up in bed. "Fanny," I asked, "did you notice that little table, or candlestand, by Mrs. Milliken's wheel chair? I'm sure it's an antique. And that old cupboard where she stores her knitting is certainly very old. Do you reckon we could help them to sell those old pieces and pay off the mortgage in time? How much is it?"

"It's only five hundred dollars," Fanny said, "but that's as much to them as five thousand would be to anyone else. Uncle Josh says the place won't bring much over that at a forced sale. The mill is practically idle, and the land is rocky, and the house certainly isn't worth much."

"It's worth a lot to them, though," I said.

"Of course it is!" agreed Fanny. "Why, his grandfather came from Pennsylvania and settled that land, and built that mill. He brought Mrs. Milliken there when they were married, and their boy is buried out there in the little garden."

"Where the bleeding hearts grow?" I asked. I remembered the low mound I had seen there, with a weeping willow at the head.

"I tell you what we can do," said Fanny. "We'll take your kodak up there and get a picture of the cupboard, Lucy Ellen. Mother knows a lot of antique maniacs. Maybe she can help us find a customer for it."

"Let's go to-morrow!" I cried. "We'll go in the Chariot. I've risked my life on that road in the Yellow Peril for the last time."

Bright and early next morning, we set out. When we got there, it was Fanny who mustered the courage to tell our errand. "Mr. Milliken," she said, "we want to know if you and Mrs. Milliken would care to sell any pieces of furniture. We'd like to buy that candlestand if you do."

Mrs. Milliken turned her head and looked out the window. Her right hand fumbled at the fringe on her shawl.

"Dot's hers," said the old man stolidly. "Her fadder made it and give it to her, when ve vass married."

Mrs. Milliken turned her face toward him. Her lips worked, then she gave up trying to (Continued on page 46)



"MR. MILLIKEN!" FANNY CALLED

WINTER COTTAGE

By CAROL RYRIE BRINK

With their immediate troubles at an end since Joe has agreed to stay, the Sparkes family are happy, until Minty has a disturbing encounter at Scandinavian Corners' store



"BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE I WANT YOU TO DO, JOE," SAID POP

PART FOUR

NOW this twenty thousand dollar prize novel contest," said Pop, adjusting his spectacles and peering at the contest magazine, "that's a little out of my class, I believe. Twenty thousand dollars is a lot of money, but then it takes a terrible long time to write a novel, and I never was one to sit down and write for a long spell. This short-short story contest suits me better. The prize is only a hundred dollars, but it oughtn't to give me writer's cramp."

Joe had come in with an armful of wood which he dropped noisily into the woodbox. "Contests!" he snorted.

"Joe, you come here a minute," said Pop. "Sit down and take this pen and ink and a piece of paper, and get busy."

"Say! You aren't going to get me to write any short-short stories, Mr. Sparkes. No, sir!" protested Joe.

"No, I'll do all the story writing," said Pop. "But there's something else I want you to do, Joe. I'm going to ask you to write to your mother. No, you needn't throw down the pen like that. Just let me tell you what I have in mind."

"You're trying to double-cross me," said Joe angrily.

Pop looked over the top of his spectacles.

"'Curb thou the high spirit in thy breast

"'For gentle ways are best, and keep aloof

"'From sharp contentions,'"

he quoted. "Now, Joe, your poor mother will be nearly crazy worrying about you. I'm not asking you to go back to her, but you write her a letter and tell her you have a good place to spend the winter with a nice family. Tell her you'll write her again in the spring—and ask her not to try to find you until then, because you want to have time to think and plan your life."

Joe stood at the table, idly fingering the pen, his head lowered so that they could not see his face. The red flush of anger slowly receded. At last he said doggedly, "If they get a letter, they'll find out where I am and come after me."

"I don't believe they will, Joe—not if you ask them not to. You needn't put any address on the letter, and if they read

The Story So Far

Minty Sparkes, fifteen, her younger sister, Eglantine—called "Eggs" for short—their father, "Pop," a cheerful business failure, and Buster, the dog, set out from Chicago for Minneapolis in a rickety car with a small trailer in tow. This is loaded with groceries, all that remains from Pop's latest unsuccessful venture, running a grocery store. In Minneapolis, they expect to live with their Aunt Amy—who makes it plain she doesn't want them, having no patience with their happy-go-lucky ways and Pop's fondness for quoting poetry.

In Wisconsin, the car breaks down near a forest-girdled lake where they find a stanchly built cottage, now closed for the winter. In a sudden storm, Eggs and Pop pry open a window and they spend the night, discovering that the cottage belongs to the Vincent family, and that they have a young daughter, Marcia. Pop bakes a fine supper of his special pancakes, the one accomplishment of which he can be proud.

When Pop cannot get the car going, he decides (without consulting the owners) to rent the house for the winter. How he is to get money for the rent worries nobody but Minty. Eggs finds a "contest magazine" which lists prizes given for advertising slogans—and she and Pop decide to try for them. In their eyes the rent money is as good as earned. Everyone is happy—until Pop comes down with a dangerously heavy cold.

Minty, frightened, goes for help, but Mrs. Gustafson, their only neighbor, is away and in despair she appeals for help to a boy she meets on the road. The boy, Joe Boles, who has run away from home, nurses Pop through his illness and the Sparkes family persuade him to stay with them all winter. Joe has heard an alarm broadcast about his disappearance and is afraid the police will find him and send him back.

the postmark—why, Scandian Corners is a small town in a lot of wild country. They wouldn't be likely to find you out here, wintering in a summer cottage."

"I guess your mother would miss you a lot," said Eggs. "We haven't even got a mother to write to."

"I guess you've got a good Pop, though," said Joe hurriedly. He drew a chair out noisily and sat down at the table. For a moment he was silent, his brow furrowed in thought; then he pulled the paper toward him and began to write with the same deliberate care which he used in carving bits of wood.

"Dear Mother: Don't worry about me. I am in a safe place, staying with a family for the winter. Please don't try to find me. I will write you in the spring.

*Love,
Joe"*

When he had finished, Joe pushed the letter over to Pop to read. Pop read it slowly; then he took the pen and wrote on the bottom of the sheet:

"Joe is well and happy here. We like him. He's nearly a man now, and needs time to think things out for himself. He won't forget you.

*Your friend,
Pop"*

Joe said nothing, but his face was somehow relieved as he sealed his letter, and presently he began to whistle softly to himself.

"Now," said Pop, in a matter-of-fact voice, "to get back to this short-short story of mine."

"What are you going to write about?" Minty asked him.

"Well, I've been thinking up a plot about a duchess, Minty."

"Did you ever know a duchess?" asked Minty in surprise.

"No, Minty, I never did, but I like to think that they exist."

"They seem sort of unreal, somehow," said Minty. "Couldn't you write about folks like us?"

"Who'd want to read about folks like us?"

"Well, it's kind of exciting, living like this in somebody else's house, and Joe being broadcast for over the radio and all," said Minty doubtfully. She had really thought it was for a minute, but now it seemed less so. "Anyway," she went on, hopefully, "you might write about a girl like Marcia."

"What could I write about her?"

"Well, she lives in a summer cottage in the summer, and a winter house in the winter, and she goes to school and has plenty of clothes and books and everything she wants—"

"There's no story in that, Minty! I'll stick to my duchess."

Minty sighed, for she couldn't help thinking that Marcia was more interesting than any duchess.

"Who is this Marcia girl

you're always talking about?" asked Joe, suddenly inquisitive.

"Haven't you seen her?" asked the girls.

"I haven't seen any girl but you two since I came."

"Well, look at her," cried Minty, propelling Joe into his bedroom. "She's here, right over your bed."

"You mean that snapshot?"

"Yes! Yes!" cried Eggs and Minty together, and, both talking at once, they began to describe Marcia Vincent in all her glory, as she had come to exist in their minds.

"You've done pretty well to make such a paragon out of a blurry snapshot, an old smock, and the address on an envelope," said Joe, a little scornfully. "She's probably an awful snob."

"Oh, no! Not Marcia!" cried Minty.

"Look how pretty she is," begged Eggs, pointing to the photograph.

"I see she's got a nose and a mouth and the usual number of eyes," said Joe. "But girls don't interest me."

Eggs and Minty looked after him wistfully as he stalked out, swinging the ax over his shoulder, back to his woodpile.

"Do you think he meant that?" asked Eggs.

"Well, I knew he didn't think much of us," said Minty, "but you'd think that *anyone* would be interested in Marcia!"

Joe chopped wood and fished; Minty cooked and swept up; Eggs washed dishes and set the table; but all Pop did was to work on his short-short story.

"I'm glad he's got something to take up his mind while



he's getting well," thought Minty. "It's a wonder he hasn't busted out and gone fishing."

"The name of my story," announced Pop the next day, "is *Tatiana's Secret, or How the Grand Duchess Saved Her Pearls.*"

"Gee, Pop," Eggs shouted, "yesterday she was only a duchess and to-day she's a grand one! How come?"

"There's no use being stingy with her!"

"That's an awful long title for a short-short story," said Joe.

"Well, they don't put any limit on the number of words in the title, so far as I can see," said Pop.

"How shall we spend the hundred dollars when Pop wins the prize?"

"We'll buy a new car," said Pop.

"No, you don't!" said Minty. "Not until you've paid the rent to Marcia Vincent, you don't."

"Even supposing you won the prize," objected Joe, "you can't get any kind of a car for a hundred dollars."

Pop sat down in the nearest chair with a discouraged flop. "You're all against me," he said plaintively, and it took kisses from the girls, reassurances from Joe, and many blandishments to restore Pop to his usual optimistic outlook.

"I know what I'll do," said Eggs. "I'll enter the perfume company contest and win a pony. Then we'll just hitch him to the trailer, and we won't need to worry about a car any more."

One day they discovered that the kerosene supply was running low. This meant no lamps for the long winter evenings ahead, unless somebody went to town. The car wouldn't run, and they were shy about asking the Gustafsons to get things for them. Minty had an uneasy feeling that the Gustafsons might come over some day to put them out of the Vincent cottage and tell them to move along.

It looked as if someone would have to walk to town for kerosene. Pop wasn't strong enough yet, Eggs was too small, and Joe was afraid of being recognized and sent home. Minty thought there was not much danger of this, but Joe was as proud of his publicity as an opera star and it seemed a shame to spoil his pleasure by minimizing the danger. So it was decided that Minty should go, Joe accompanying her as far as the edge of town to help her carry the two heavy cans.

Seven miles is not a difficult walk on a bright autumn day when, as Minty said, you had to keep moving to keep warm. By noon they saw the small cluster of houses that made up the town of Scandian Corners. A little river wandered in a half loop about the edge of town, and there Joe and Minty found a sheltered nook among trees and bushes, and ate the lunch they had brought. It tasted good after the long hike, and they carefully divided the last biscuit and picked up all the crumbs. Then Minty crossed the bridge and entered the town alone. After Chicago, Scandian Corners looked like some practical joker's idea of a town. There was one main street, with several small residential streets

straggling away from it into the country.

There was a square, cement-block bank, and surrounding it were two drug stores, two grocery stores, a café, a barber shop, a saloon, a shoemaker's shop, and a couple of hardware and general stores. Minty saw that there was a garage, too, behind the gas station. She hesitated for a moment, thinking, "I'd better go in and see how much they'd charge to come out and get our car. Maybe Pete Gustafson was wrong about the price." But, as she stood hesitating, another thought was more insistent.

"We're all set now for the winter and we don't want to go to Aunt Amy's. Better not inquire about the car until spring. You don't mind if we stay, do you, Marcia?" In her own thoughts Minty often talked to Marcia, and it seemed to her now that Marcia would have wanted them to stay.

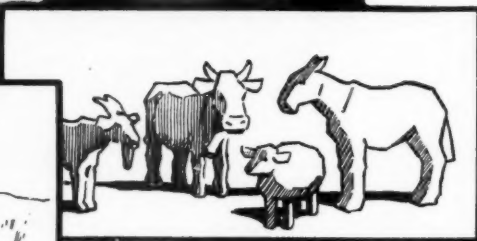
The grocery (Continued on page 41)

Illustrated by FRITZ EICHENBERG



"QUITE A LOAD YOU GOT, SISTER," SAID A MAN SITTING BEHIND THE STOVE, A SHERIFF'S STAR ON HIS VEST. MINTY WENT COLD ALL OVER

MY SOUTH AFRICAN CHRISTMAS



LAST Christmas I was living in a tent in Kuruman. Kuruman is a little town on the border of the Kalahari desert in South Africa. My daddy and I were there all alone, and we didn't expect to have much of a Christmas because we had not been near any place where we could buy gifts for each other.

On the night before Christmas I went to bed feeling rather sad. Africa is a beautiful place but, somehow, when one remembers Christmas one remembers snow and ice and sleigh bells and Christmas trees trimmed with shiny ornaments. One thinks of a big Christmas dinner with turkey and cranberries and celery. Home, in America, we had always had all this on Christmas and had sung Christmas carols, too.

But Africa is different. Here, it was so warm that I could only wear shorts. There was no chimney for Santa, although we had a small fire for cooking. There was no snow. All the trees and flowers were just as bright as they were during the summer, and the birds and insects were very noisy. I knew there would be no turkey for dinner, only mealies and biltong, the same everyday food we had been eating all along.

"WELL," DADDY SAID, "THERE'S NO REASON WHY WE CANNOT SING CHRISTMAS CAROLS HERE, TOO"

I was thinking of all this when I went to sleep on Christmas Eve, and I was wishing that I was home in America for just this one day. I think I cried a little.

The next morning, Christmas, I was wakened at sunrise by the sound of the pigeons, cooing. The birds in Africa, especially the pigeons, will not let you sleep. I slipped out of bed and looked in at Daddy's tent. His cot was empty. I went to my bag and took out the present I had for Daddy. It was not much of a present, but I had made it myself so I knew he would be pleased with it. It was a little basket which I had woven out of raffia.

I washed and slipped on my shorts. Dressing in Africa is not much trouble so I was soon ready. Then I went outside.

There was Daddy cooking our breakfast, but that was not the first thing I noticed as I came out of the tent. What I saw made my eyes almost pop out of my head. There, standing on a box covered with the scarf which had been used

Christmas in a tent near the desert! Brita thought she'd be homesick for America, but she found it doesn't matter where you are, if you carry Christmas in your heart

By **BRITA LILIUS** as told to her father, **ALEKO E. LILIUS**

for the table, was a *real Christmas tree*. Imagine! It wasn't the kind we have in America, but it was a Christmas tree all the same. It was trimmed with bright red berries and pieces of tinfoil which Daddy must have saved from chocolate and cigarettes. It looked very gay and Christmasy, but it was not until I had examined it closely that I saw the nicest of all the decorations. There, nestling among the branches, were any number of small figures, all carved out of wood. There was a cow and a horse and a goat and a sheep, and on top of the tree was a figure of the little Christ child, in a cradle. There were also two shepherds. They were all beautifully made and I could only think of how many hours my daddy had taken to carve them for me.

We took them all down from the tree and they made a lovely manger. It looked just like the ones I had seen in church at home, but I thought mine was much more wonderful. While we were doing this I heard, suddenly, the sound of some small animal, crying.

"Daddy," I said, "what is that?"

Daddy smiled and answered, "Suppose we go and look. After all, this is Christmas and it might be almost anything."

We walked in back of the tent, where the sound seemed to come from. When we had gone just a short way, I stopped. I could hardly believe my eyes. There, in a small pen made of stakes about three feet high, was the dearest, tiniest, whitest little kid I had even seen in my life. It had a little red ribbon around its neck and it seemed to know, right away,

that it belonged to me, for it came over to the edge of the pen and licked my hand. I opened the gate and lifted it out. It felt so small and soft and silky. It nestled close to me and stopped crying.

We took it into the tent and found some milk for it. We put it down on the floor of the tent and poured the milk in the pan, but the little kid did not seem to know how to drink by itself. Daddy told me that it had just left its mother, and that it was lonesome.

I dipped my hand into the milk and the little kid licked it off. Then I did it again, but I held my hand closer to the pan of milk while the kid licked it off. Each time I dipped my hand into the pan of milk I held it closer to the pan until, finally, my hand was in the pan and the kid was licking it. Then I drew my hand away gently and the kid kept right on drinking.

"What shall we name him, Daddy?" I said.

"I think we should call him 'Noel,'" Daddy replied, "because he came to us on Christmas. Noel is another name for Christmas."

All day long I played with Noel. I showed him my manger with all the beautiful figures and I told him the story of the Christ child. I guess he did not really understand all I said, but he watched me as though he did, especially when I showed him the little figure of the goat.

"That was your great-great-grandfather, Noel," I told him. "Thousands of years back he came and stood beside the Christ child when He was born in the stable. A stable is a sort of barn where the animals all slept and, on one cold, starry night, with only a few shepherds around and all the animals there, Christ was born into this world. It was on the twenty-fifth of December (Continued on page 30)

BRITA SOON TAUGHT THE
LITTLE KID, NOEL, HOW TO
DRINK MILK FROM A PAN



Illustrated by
**HUBERT
WHATLEY**

JINGLE BELLS By

MARJORIE PARADIS

MIDGE absently swirled the dirty paint water in her drinking glass while her eyes sought the window and took in the beauty of the snow-blanketed landscape. The world was a playground, all workaday noises hushed for the chorus of tinkling sleigh bells, the *pad, pad* of horses' hoofs, and the ringing laughter from swooping sleds. Life dictated by fun!

Fun, indeed, for the Duncan Hall pupils, for this was "calendar day" before the Christmas holidays—and super-fun for Midge. Beside the pung ride that afternoon, followed by a dance at the Hamiltons' barn, she would start out for home on the morrow at seven-thirty in Quentin's "Jolly Jalopy"—and, in addition to that magnificent adventure, she would save seven dollars and three cents carfare. What a boost to her purchasing power!

She shifted her gaze from the glittering vista outdoors to the back page of her Ancient History notebook.

Christmas List

Mother dish towels—or gloves
Dad handkerchief—or briar pipe
Del sachet—or bubble bracelet

Allowing each member of the family two dollars, she might blow in the rest on a big box of caramels for Tin's Christmas, since he had made the step-up possible. They had planned the trip for weeks—she even had her mother's signed permission. New York in time for a little shopping—glorious Fifth Avenue star-spangled with lights, Christmas bells chiming in store windows, Salvation Army Santas jingling on the corners; dinner at the Automat; then a Radio City picture, and home to Mother and Dad by ten!

But now she must finish tinting William's photograph, in exchange for which he had promised to lend Quentin the battery from his car. Actually everything depended on that, as, otherwise, the Jalopy refused to run. She viewed the farm

Midge has a struggle over the financing of her Christmas list until Adele unwittingly brings about an unexpected bit of luck

hand's comely features critically. Cobalt for his eyes and crimson lake for his cheeks. She must hurry, Tin would be along with the pung shortly.

Maybe she had been mean not to ask her sister to go on the sleigh ride—city girls had so few chances for sleighing—but Adele would have tried to turn the simple affair into a social occasion.

There, the picture was done! William couldn't help but like it. She stood it on her dresser and, unzipping her skirt,

"WHAT'S THE MATTER, TIN?"
MIDGE ASKED. "THAT BIG BEEF
OF A WILLIAM!" TIN GROWLED



skillfully kicked it onto the couch, pulled on her dark blue ski pants, and laced her square-toed boots. Was that Adele calling—or only the echo of her guilty conscience?

"Midge Bennett! Wonder you wouldn't answer to your name!"

It was Adele, alas, at the door, and Midge's high spirits ebbed a little when she saw that her sister was clad in her red parka and Swiss peaked cap. "Sprat said to tell you they're all waiting outside. Where are you going?"

"Where are you going, all dolled up?" parried Midge.

"Nowhere. Absolutely nowhere." Del dropped to the couch and Midge had to salvage her skirt. "Why should you get out three days ahead of us? You always have the breaks, Midge. But you'll never be able to make the trip in Tin's rattletrap with this storm."

"Yes, we will," contradicted Midge, hurriedly closing the notebook. "Tin called up A.A.A. and the State roads are open now."

"Really?" Adele sat up. "Who's the swain in the colored photograph? He's much too old for you, Midge. You know Mother wouldn't like you to go around with an older man."

"Don't worry, William's no swain of mine!" Midge laughed. "He's lending Tin his battery in exchange for that enlargement—a Christmas present for his best gal."

"Not much of a present! He can't be very serious," concluded Adele.

"I wouldn't know." Midge slipped the picture into an envelope. "Say, Del, if you haven't anything else to do, maybe you'd like to help trim the Christmas tree our school's donated to the Sunday School room of the Congregational Church. It sort of gives one the Christmas spirit."

"Doesn't sound thrilling, but maybe it's better than nothing. What time are you going?"

Midge hid her face in a slip-on sweater and slowly pulled

it over her head. "Well, the Hamiltons have promised the church twenty—or is it twenty-five?—fir trees as a background for the pulpit. It's a very plain church, pure New England, and it will lend a sort of festive effect." She took her ski jacket from the closet, zipped it up to her chin, and drew a deep breath. "I know you'll say I'm a peasant type and all that—but I'm going to help collect those trees."

"Doesn't sound so peasantry to me. As a matter of fact, society's going in for all those back-to-nature stunts. Where will you get them?"

"On—er—Bald Hill. The trees are already chopped down, you know. We're just going up to fetch them."

"Oh, as far as that! How'll you get there?"

NOW it must be told. "The Hamiltons have an old pung—that's a sort of flat sled. They'll cover it with a horse blanket, and Mr. Hamilton said we could get a hitch up the hill, but we'd have to come down the best way we could, because the pung will be full of trees."

"I must say you're putting a bad front on what sounds to me like a very nice treat," scolded the older sister. "Everything—everything that's nice—seems to fall into your lap, Midge. Sometimes I wonder if you're not completely spoiled."

"Sure, I'm lucky," admitted Midge. Maybe she was spoiled to ask nine girls and not include her own sister, merely because she cramped her style. But it was too late now.

"I certainly hope some one more competent than Quentin is driving," commented Adele, and her eyes met the blue orbs in the photograph.

"Don't worry, there is!" Midge adjusted her fur earmuffs.

"Who? Tin's brother?"

Midge knew how Adele yearned to meet this Harvard post-graduate, but she shrugged indifferently, "Possibly—he's not sure."

(Continued on page 34)

Illustrated by
MERLE REED



YOUR OWN CHRISTMAS CARDS

MISS LOLLIE GRAHAM'S cheerful Annie was flustered—"flamdoodled" she called it. With her brown face shining with perspiration, she bustled about in the Randolph kitchen, talking constantly to Nora, the Randolph's friendly Irish cook.

"These here electric contrapshuns, cain't nobody cook right. What you s'pose we got arms for, if we're goin' to beat up cakes with that little electric whizz bang? I been beatin' my own cake batters for twenty years, and I'm goin' to keep on beatin' 'em." She was as good as her word and started in briskly on a brown, sticky mass that would soon be a rich fruit cake.

Usually the Randolphs, all of them—Marjorie, Joan, Tom, and Mr. and Mrs. Randolph—spent the Christmas holidays with Aunt Lollie in her roomy farmhouse in Connecticut. This year, however, Miss Lollie's furnace had gone on its last temperamental rampage and while a new one was being installed, Miss Lollie and her faithful Annie bundled up all their "Christmas fixin's," as Annie expressed it, and came down to the Randolphs' New York apartment.

This meant readjustment of plans for all and great disappointment for the girls and Tom, who had looked forward for weeks to their annual frolic in the Connecticut hills—to skiing, skating, coasting, all the fun the country offers for a winter vacation.

Annie was more upset than anyone. "I

don't know how you-all manage," she said to Nora. "However kin a body do good cookin' in a little bitsy cubby-hole like this?" She rolled her eyes over the top of the big, blue mixing bowl. "I 'clar to goodness, I'm gettin' tuckered out worryin' about dat turkey an' dressin'. Doan seem right, cookin' a big bird lak dat without good hot coals."

Miss Lollie and Marjorie came through the kitchen door behind Annie in time to hear her remarks.

"An' furthermore"—Annie stopped beating and glared at Nora—"whut I want to know is, how Miss Lollie goin' to get her Christmas cards made, and whare is she goin' to work?"

Miss Lollie, usually serene and quiet, gave a startled cry. "My goodness, Annie, my cards! I'd forgotten them entirely—did you bring the things?"

Annie picked up the big wooden spoon and started beating again. "Yassum, I bring 'em. All but the printin' press—I couldn't bring that. Ever'thing else is in that big covered basket in the—" she started to say "pantry" but, looking at the Randolph's small kitchen closet, she finished, "in thar."

As Miss Lollie and Marjorie brought the basket from the closet, Annie continued her grumbling. "I 'spects you'll have to give up your cards dis year, Miss Lollie. I 'spects you better jus' go out an' buy yourself some cards lak ever'body else does. Den' de next thing

you know, we'll be eatin' our Christmus turkey at a paid eatin' house."

Miss Lollie laughed and turned to Marjorie as they carried the basket into the living room.

"It isn't too late, Marjorie, is it? You haven't made your cards yet, have you?"

Marjorie's eyes were round. "Made my cards? Why, no, Aunt Lollie. I haven't bought any, either. Mother and I were planning to do that on Wednesday."

"Fine!" Aunt Lollie said. "Let's get going. Making Christmas cards will be great fun. I've plenty of materials here, and we'll all make cards." Her eyes shone. "I think the very nicest part of Christmas is the big pile of Christmas cards. I save them all until Christmas morning and, when I open them, it is like having a good visit with friends everywhere. Many of them—very dear friends, too—I never see or hear from in any other way, or at any other time. If the cards are original drawings, photographs, or personal notes, they seem to make the ties with friends closer."

"I can see that," said Mr. Randolph. He swung his chair around and dropped his newspaper on the floor. "What are you planning to do? I think I'd like to send out some cards and—say—I'd like to make my own, too."

Aunt Lollie's eyes wrinkled as she unpacked the basket, and Marjorie cleared the

ANNIE'S GRUMPY EXPRESSION GAVE WAY TO HER CUSTOMARY WHITE-TOOTHED GRIN





THE TOOLS OF THE TRADE

The Randolph family discover, with Aunt Lollie's help, that it's great fun to design and print your own Christmas cards

By CHESTER MARSH

Illustrated by JOHN WATROUS

books and magazines off the big living room table.

"Well, let's see what Annie has given us to work with. Here's paper—plenty of it—light green, tan, white—many colors to choose from. And here are linoleum blocks." She laid the articles out on the table as she talked. "Here are three tubes of printer's ink, black, green, and red. Here is a cutting outfit. See"—she opened a small cardboard box—"it has a wooden handle into which can be fitted any one of these six differently shaped blades."

"If we all make cards," suggested Marjorie, "we'll need more than one cutting set, won't we?"

"No trouble about that," said Aunt Lollie. "We can send out to the Girl Scout Equipment Shop and get more of any of these things. That's where I get nearly all of my craft supplies."

Tom banged noisily into the room and looked at the group by the table. His father, by this time, had left his easy chair and was looking over the materials.

"What's up?" Tom asked. "What you going to do—cut out paper dolls? What's this thing?" He picked up a small gelatin roller with a wire handle.

"That," said Aunt Lollie, "is a brayer. It is used to apply ink to the finished blocks for printing. We're getting ready to make block prints for Christmas cards."

"Gee, that's great!" Tom took off his mackinaw and—Marjorie gasped with astonishment—actually hung it up in the hall closet. "Can I get in on it? I've always wanted to know how to do a block print."

"Yes, indeed," said his aunt. "You can help us get our work planned and organized, and then we'll all get busy."

"First we'll have to make our designs," Aunt Lollie continued, "so let's have paper and pencils here on the living room table for that; then we must trace our designs on the block—for that we need this carbon paper, and we can do our tracing on this big table. Then we cut the designs—we can do that here, too. The printing comes next and, since that is a more or less messy job, we'd better

plan to have another table for it."

"How about the kitchen table? That would wash," Marjorie suggested.

Aunt Lollie laughed. "Under ordinary circumstances, that would be fine—but with Annie in the state she's in at present, we'd have to choose between Christmas cards, or fruit cake and cookies."

Tom looked apprehensive. "Let's not bother Annie. Why can't we use Marjorie's worktable in the sun porch—where she makes her pottery? We could cover it with newspapers so we wouldn't get ink on it."

"The very thing," said Aunt Lollie, "and we can put a card table out there to hold our paper and finished cards."

By the time the supplies and tables had been arranged in orderly fashion, Mrs. Randolph and Joan had returned from marketing. When they learned of the plans, they, too, were eager to take part.

When they were all seated around the living room table, each with a pad of white paper, a pencil, a linoleum block, and a sheet of carbon paper, Miss Lollie explained the first steps in making a block print.

"First place your block on the paper and draw a line around it with a pencil. This will determine the size of your drawing."

Papers rustled, pencils scratched, and elbows bumped as everyone, including Aunt Lollie, drew rectangles on white paper. "Now," said Aunt Lollie, "now comes the hard part. Inside this rectangle we must draw the design and do whatever lettering we want—and we must remember that when we print from the block everything will be reversed."

"Wow!" exclaimed Tom. "Like looking at printing in a mirror—no wonder you said hard! I can hardly print letters going straight—how do you expect me to print them backward?"

Everybody laughed. "That isn't the hard part, Tom!" Aunt Lollie held up a piece of white paper. "That's easy. See, I'll make my lettering going straight, as you express it, then turn my paper over so I can see it through the paper, and trace it with a pencil."

Joan turned her paper over and asked, "What do I do? My paper is thicker than yours and I can't see through it."

"There are two things you can do," Aunt Lollie smiled. "You can change your paper for a thinner piece, or you can put your paper flat against the windowpane. Then you can see through it easily, no matter how thick it is."

"Say," said Tom, "that's jake. Why didn't I know about that before? But, Aunt Lollie, what *is* the hard part?"

"The hard part," said Aunt Lollie solemnly, "is thinking up a new idea, all your own, for your design—something that will be a

personal message from you and will, perhaps, express your hobbies or interests."

"Listen to her, folks," Tom jeered. "Does she belittle the Randolph brain, or doesn't she? I, for one, take exception to your remarks, Miss Graham. If my ears don't deceive me, you intimate that the hardest part of this undertaking is thinking. Perhaps you haven't heard that thinking is the best thing the Randolphs do. Why, we're known far and wide as the great, prodigious, stupendous, Randolph thinker-uppers."

"Good," said Aunt Lollie, "that simplifies matters considerably. All you have to do, then, is think up a good design, draw it inside your rectangle, turn your paper over and trace the design in reverse; then, using the carbon paper, transfer the design to your linoleum."

There ensued a great business of chewing pencils, wrinkling brows, and shuffling feet as everyone around the table strove to live up to Tom's boast.

Three quarters of an hour passed and nothing happened. Another twenty minutes. Miss Lollie worked steadily, but the others did not make a single mark on the white paper before them. Suddenly there was a shriek from Joan. "I've got it!" She jumped up, waving her paper in the air.

"That's the way thinking affects us great thinker-uppers," said Marjorie. "Tell us the big idea! Don't hold out on your family."

Joan explained. "I'm going to draw a picture of a loom, and say something like 'I'm weaving a Christmas greeting,' or 'My pattern is Merry Christmas.' Well, something to do with weaving, you know."

Mr. Randolph nodded. "That's good, Joan. Marjorie and I might use our hobbies for inspiration, too. How about a vase or two, Marg? And I can draw a basket and say 'A bushel basket of cheer.'"

Aunt Lollie explained that the drawings must be made with rather heavy lines and with contrasting masses of light and shade. They must not have much fine detail as the linoleum is too soft to carve into delicate lines.

Ideas came thick and fast. Soon all heads were bent over the table, pencils were flying, and no one looked up until lunch time.

During the afternoon all the designs were finished and carefully traced on the blocks. The next morning, everyone enthusiastically started working immediately after breakfast, Tom had purchased enough cutting sets so they all had gouges and knives to work with.

Aunt Lollie showed them how to cut the linoleum away, about an eighth of an inch deep, wherever they wanted the plain paper to show; and told them to leave the linoleum as it was, wherever they wanted the ink to print.

In most of the designs, this meant cutting away the background. Mrs. Randolph, however, made her design in the form of a sampler, and gouged out the design instead of the background, using dark paper and light ink.

Aunt Lollie sug- (Continued on page 35)



GIRL SCOUTS COÖPERATE IN THE ANNUAL CAMPAIGN TO SELL TUBERCULOSIS SEALS. TWO HONOLULU SCOUTS EXAMINE STAMPS AND POSTER TO BE USED THIS YEAR



RIGHT: FILLING A STOCKING IS FUN FOR A BROWNIE BECAUSE SHE CAN IMAGINE THE PLEASURE IT WILL BRING TO SOME OTHER LITTLE GIRL ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

Photograph by Paul Parker



Photograph by Paul Parker



"HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING"—GIRL SCOUT CAROLERS (ABOVE, AND IN THE BELL BELOW) SING OUT GLAD TIDINGS ON CHRISTMAS EVE TO NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS



LEFT: HAND-DIPPED CANDLES ARE INTERESTING TO MAKE. A WICK IS DIPPED INTO MELTED TALLOW, HUNG UP TO DRY, THEN DIPPED AND REDIPPED UNTIL THE CANDLE IS OF THE DESIRED THICKNESS. WRAPPED IN RED CELLOPHANE, TIED WITH GAY RIBBONS, A PAIR OF CANDLES IS A WELCOME GIFT



NG OF CHRISTMAS



Photograph by Paul Parker



Photograph by Paul Parker



FAR RIGHT: AN OMAHA, NEBRASKA, GIRL SCOUT WITH A BASKET FULL OF GROCERIES WHICH SHE WILL LEAVE WITH A CHARITY ORGANIZATION FOR DISTRIBUTION TO A NEEDY FAMILY IN HER COMMUNITY

RIGHT: ATHENS, OHIO, BROWNIES CONTRIBUTE THEIR BIT TO THE COMMUNITY CHEST—ONE DOLLAR SAVED FROM THEIR DUES. THE CAMPAIGN MANAGER APPEARS TO BE GETTING A HUG AS HE PROFFERS A RECEIPT FOR THE MONEY



TOBOGGANING WAS POPULAR AT THE WINTER DAY CAMP OF THE SOUTHERN OAKLAND SCOUTS IN FRANKLIN VILLAGE, MICHIGAN



Photograph by Paul Parker

LEFT: SANTA CLAUS'S HELPER WEARS A BEAMING SMILE IN ANTICIPATION OF THE HAPPINESS HER PRESENTS WILL BRING





MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE SCOUTS MAKING BAYBERRY CANDLES

GIRL SCOUTS

know the meaning of

CHRISTMAS GIVING



LEARNING TO MAKE CLOTHES IN A SEWING PROJECT



A COMPLETE LAYETTE FOR A BABY IS DISPLAYED BY GIRL SCOUTS OF KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI. IT WAS A PROJECT FOR THE NEEDLEWORK GUILD

A COMMUNITY SERVICE PROJECT

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI: Each spring, as the last days of school draw near, we girls of Troop 41 start thinking about our Needlework Guild project. One year we made tiny rompers, another time we made bibs, and still another summer we made crib quilts. But last spring we decided to work as a unit, and to make an entire and complete layette. The money to buy the materials came from our troop fund.

One of our troop committee members gave a "giving-out" party the week after school was out. The younger girls in the troop received the diapers for hemming; the older girls, who were in High School, were given the more difficult articles to make, dresses and crocheted boots. The "in-between" Scouts made slippers, gertrudes, bands, towels and jackets. Most of the work was done by hand. Nearly every article, where it was suitable, had embroidery. Some of our families became interested and contributed articles. But our Girl Scouts made the main part of the layette.

Under our leader's instructions, a chest was built, complete with tray and a tight fitting top. It was painted with the traditional pink and blue. The decoration was a stencil of a clown dragging a resisting goose. The tray held the towels and wash cloths, the soap dish made from a hinged-lid pill box, and the matched jars for oil and boric acid. These were empty petroleum

jelly jars, their tops painted to match the chest. The soap box had been enameled, also.

A little yarn lady completed the *ensemble*, for when a pin was needed, one had but to reach and on her muff was a generous supply. A rattle and toy bear were added to give the baby a happy playtime.

When the last Friday before school put an end to our busy summer, the hostess of the "giving-out" party gave a "gathering-in" party. One by one, the tissue paper wrappings were taken off, disclosing our work. We had as much fun as we do on Christmas mornings.

We do not know yet what we will do for our Needlework Guild project this next summer, but, whatever we decide upon, we will have fun doing it.

Ellaferne Stevenson

A SEWING PROJECT

MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE: The Girl Scouts of Troops Two, Four, and Nine are very much interested in the sewing lessons at the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Most of the nine girls who started in the class chose to make dresses and, in a few lessons, the gay dresses started to take form. The instructor was very patient with us, and we girls learned many new things about sewing. It was fun to see the finished dresses when they were put on.

A fashion show is being planned so that other girls may see how sewing lessons can help them to have better clothes.

Dorothy Newton

A BAYBERRY CANDLE PROJECT

MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE: The Girl Scouts of Troop 5 got the Christmas spirit early this past year and, in November, began the task of making bayberry candles. These candles were sold at Christmas time for the benefit of the troop camp fund. The process of making the candles is very interesting. After being weighed, the prepared bayberry wax was melted and paraffin was added in the correct proportion. Candle molds were strung with wicks and the mixed wax poured into them. As the wax cooled and hardened, it contracted so that more melted wax had to be added to fill the molds. Hot water was run over the molds in order to get the candles out. The candles were then dipped in a dipping wax, and hung on a line to be cooled. This gave them a beautiful glossy finish. The girls then wrapped them by pairs in cellophane and tied them with red Christmas ribbon. The following verse was tied to each pair:

"A bayberry candle
"Burned to the socket
"Brings health to the body,
"Joy to the heart,
"And gold to the pocket!"

Most of the work of making the candles was done at the Franklin Street Congregational Church where this troop meets, but the candles were finished at a demonstration given in the window of the Manchester Gas Company, in order that the public might see how bayberry candles are made. The troop received more orders for the candles than could be filled, and made a good sum toward camp this summer.

Jane Rogan

They offer their communities good will, loyal hearts, and helping hands



WARREN, PENNSYLVANIA SCOUTS PACK A CHRISTMAS BASKET

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO DADDY!

MERIDIAN, MISSISSIPPI: I was so thrilled over the Christmas Breakfast which the Meridian Girl Scouts gave in honor of their fathers on December seventeenth that I want to tell the readers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* all about it.

Each troop was given a table to decorate, to show how some foreign country celebrates Christmas. The girls found books and read about the characteristics of the country they chose and how it celebrated the birth of Christ, and the tables were decorated accordingly. We had tables showing Christmas customs in Holland, Norway, Switzerland, Spain, Japan, Mexico, Alaska, Ireland, and Africa.

Besides doing this, it was decided to have a program, so a girl from each troop was chosen to give a talk on how Christmas is celebrated in the country her troop had chosen.

As the fathers entered the dining hall on the morning of the breakfast, some girls stood at the door and pinned tags on them which said, "I am the father of a Girl Scout."

After the fathers had enjoyed a delicious breakfast prepared by the Council, the program was given and with very much success, too.

When the program was over two prizes were given, one to the troop having the most fathers present, and the other to the troop having the prettiest decorations. As the fathers were leaving, each one was presented with a box of Girl Scout candy.

After the breakfast, the girls who gave talks on Christmas in the different countries went up to the WCOC broadcasting station and their talks were broadcast.

Sara Jo Sanderson, Troop 12

RIGHT: GIRL SCOUTS OF ILLINOIS EARN THEIR COOK AND HOSTESS BADGES AT TEA



Photo by Pantograph

SPREADING CHRISTMAS CHEER

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK: As we Girl Scouts of Troop 55 approached the main entrance of the Kings' County Hospital, we were all laden down with suitcases filled with puppets, dancing shoes, and costumes. After making our way through the lobby and admiring the lovely Christmas tree there, we stepped into an elevator to be taken to the roof of the children's building. As we passed each floor, we saw the children themselves being wheeled toward the elevator. Then and there we decided to make our little performance of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* as entertaining as we possibly could.

When we reached the children's schoolroom on the roof, we were provided with a large emergency screen to use for our puppet show. After the show, two of our girls tap-danced, and we finished by singing a few songs which the children readily sang with us. It was some satisfaction to see their happy faces as they joined us in the singing and motions of *Down by the Old Mill Stream*.

All this would have been reward enough, but our troop is very lucky to know Jenny, a student nurse and former Girl Scout leader from Pennsylvania. After the little entertainment, Jenny took us on a tour of the hospital, and this tour consisted of a look at practically everything from the kitchen to Jenny's own room. During it, we were told many interesting facts which we never knew before. Not only does Kings' County

Hospital generate its own power and electricity, but it's the largest medical center in the United States. We were amazed to discover how much more there is to the upkeep of a large hospital than the actual care of the sick. By the time we left the hospital not only were many of the girls convinced that they wanted to become nurses, but we all were very thankful that we were lucky enough to have good health to help us to enjoy our Christmas holidays.

Ruth Horner

YOUNG HOSTESSES SERVE TEA

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS: The Girl Scouts of Troop Six served tea to the Jefferson School Parent-Teachers' Association at their January meeting. The general committee, who prepared and served the cookies and tea with the help of the other troop members, was made up of seven girls working on the Cook and Hostess badges.

In the center of the serving table was a large vase of yellow and white flowers, and on either side, tall green tapers.

Before the tea the girls received badges and awards. There were two girls who received second class badges and two who received first class badges—the first girls to receive the first class badges in this troop.

We hope to make this an annual affair as it gives us experience and pleasure.

Arlene Shanklin

Here's the Christmas Gift

THAT'S FUN
ALL YEAR
says
JANE WITHERS



You can go places and do things all year long with a bike. Moreover, you'll have fun on the way. For it's fun just to ride a bike. It's healthful fun, too. Riding a bike is a great builder-upper. And it's the thrifty way to go. Tell mother and dad right now that *this* Christmas you want a new bike — the gift that's fun all year!

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in her newest picture "High School."

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MY SOUTH AFRICAN CHRISTMAS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

and, ever since then, that day has been known as Christmas, after the Christ Child."

That whole long day was filled with surprises. For dinner, instead of our usual mealies and biltong, we had—guess what? Roast duck! I could hardly believe it. Daddy and I ate it, and Noel looked on from his little pen. He had milk for his dinner.

After dinner, when we had washed all the dishes and were sitting near our Christmas tree, I said to Daddy, "We always sang Christmas carols at home."

"Well," Daddy replied, "there's no reason why we cannot sing them here, too. Christmas carols are Christmas carols, whether they are sung in New York, or Finland, or Africa. And the Christmas spirit is the same, whether it dwells within the heart of the priest of Tibet, or the bushman of Australia."

"When you made that little raffia basket for me, you thought you were doing it because you wanted me to have a Christmas gift. So you were, but do you realize that the feeling which prompted you to do it is the real Christmas spirit? The feeling of wanting to make other people happy, just as Christ wished His children to feel? It isn't only on Christmas Day that we should feel that way. We should remember it each day of the year, and try to do some good for others."

And so we sat near our own Christmas tree, in Africa, and sang Christmas carols, just Daddy and I. We sang them in English and in Swedish, and Daddy sang some Finnish ones which I did not know.

I sat and listened, and wondered why I could be so sure that it was Christmas, when there was no snow and it was so warm. But it *was* Christmas, and I had never been more certain of it in my life. There were pigeons cooing and I was in Africa, but it was Christmas just the same. I thought of how hard Daddy had worked to make my day a happy one, and I thought that, no matter where we ever spent Christmas again, I should always remember this one, so far away from the rest of the world, with only my daddy and me and Noel.

Pretty soon it began to grow dark. I went over to the pen and took some milk to Noel. He could drink very well by now. He had some nice fresh hay to lie upon, and he lay down right after he had finished his milk. I kissed him good-night and told him that he was the nicest present I had ever had. Then I went into the tent and undressed and crept into bed. Pretty soon Daddy came over and kissed me good-night.

"Did you have a nice Christmas?" he asked. "Yes, Daddy," I told him, "this is the best Christmas I ever had anywhere. I hope we can spend all of our Christmases in Africa."

"Remember what I told you," Daddy warned. "It isn't where you spend them, it's *how* you spend them."

"But if we lived in a city, we couldn't have Noel," I said.

"Well, we should have found something else for you instead, and you would have liked it just as much. And now, good-night, and a merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas, Daddy," I said. And I went to sleep.

STARS, SUN, and SKIS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

corridors being put into place as needed for interior scenes. But the unused, behind-the-scenes portions of the stage were put to strictly utilitarian duties, sometimes as lunch room, hospital, paint shop, conference room, or whatever happened to be needed at the moment. Along one side of the stage were three little rooms which were never altered, however. On one door was painted "Mr. Douglas," on the second, "Mr. Young," and on the third, over a crudely painted star, "Miss Colbert." These were stars' dressing rooms. At one end of the stage was a wardrobe room—a madhouse when the stock players needed or craved a change of attire.

On the set were other smaller buildings, looking a century old and deliberately picturesque. These were scattered about the little valley strategically, to afford fine camera angles. There was even a church on the hillside. It was hard to believe, at first glance, that these buildings were only shells, with the backs unfinished. Unlike the St. Georg, they were used for nothing but atmosphere.

In front of the St. Georg, the construction crew had built a gem of a skating rink. When it was used in scenes, tables were set up on the ice, and skating waiters pushed serving tables mounted on skis. The whole air of the rink was of light-hearted, playtime enchantment. But no one knows except the men who built it what patience and toil and worry and ingenuity went into its being. Over and over, the ice would melt, roughen, freeze in rough knobs—and nothing short of glassy perfection was required for those liting scenes on the ice with the three stars.

We didn't linger on the set. We joined the technical director and four local boys who had been coached the previous winter by Charles Proctor of Eastern ski fame, and skied back a mile or so into the cañon.

Here, on a glorious slope crowned by snow-laden evergreens, a trail had been packed. We were to fling ourselves down the slope, one by one, whirl into a fine "christie" at the bottom, and then ski off into the trees while a cutter slipped along in the foreground bearing Claudette Colbert, Robert Young, and Melvyn Douglas. It was to be a big moment for us, and we were made to feel the need for faultless performances. Off and on during the day we practiced our run, our timing, and our christies, in the gentle snowstorm.

Buck did not fare very happily after the first few days of rehearsal. Some one higher up decided that there should be more than one girl in the scene, but since I was the only girl in the troupe who skied, a problem presented itself. Inspiration came like a bolt from the blue—and Buck was the victim. He was provided with a wig and girl's clothes.

That first day struck the keynote for the first two weeks. The storm continued without a pause. Every morning, Buck and I were whisked off to the set to rehearse our scene. Every day the other troupers lolled about the hotels, waiting for activity, for sunshine, so the company could shoot. Tension grew. Chafing at the delay were the director, the business managers, and the production office back in Hollywood. Every day was piling up thousands of dollars in costs, and not one scene could be made. All conversation revolved around the sun—or lack of sun.

Then at last the storm ended, and the sun



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shone on a glistening new blanket of snow, ideal for our Alpine story. There followed many days of indescribably glorious sunshine and mild weather, days in which it was a joy simply to be alive and out of doors, days during which shooting went like clockwork and everyone was in the highest spirits, from the director on down the line.

A fine day of shooting went something like this, so far as we players were concerned:

At four, or four-thirty, our phones rang to awaken us. We had to be ready to leave promptly at the designated hour, which was usually six, or six-thirty. Then a twelve, or twenty-four mile drive (depending on where we lived) in one of the Studio's buses to the set, which was not in Sun Valley proper, but miles away in North Fork Cañon. Often these early morning drives revealed scenes of enchantment. For miles the mountains up there are white and smooth and treeless, lying in soft, undulating folds, and between them lay morning shadows of an unearthly brilliant blue. Sometimes the moon was still high in the sky. It was a hushed landscape, its peaceful contours broken only by a few roads and an infrequent ranch house. Fabulously lovely, and blessed with a fathomless silence.

Arriving at the set at seven, or seven-thirty, we were ready to sip some of the hot soup, or coffee, or chocolate always kept on tap within the stage. About nine o'clock, when the sunlight began to slant into the cañon properly, the assistant to the director, "Artie," would shout, "Come on, kids! Take your places!"

It was the background for the scene where the three stars, arriving in the cutter, approach the hotel in St. Moritz and are introduced to the atmosphere of the place for the first time. *We* were the atmosphere and it kept us busy. Some were skating, some were skiing. Others were just shuttling in and out of the hotel, laughing and talking. My little bit happened to be skiing along the road and then crossing directly in front of the cutter. I did this off and on practically all day! The scene was rehearsed many times, then shot many times and from several different angles.

If the sun went behind a cloud, action ceased, and we just stood and waited, ready to take advantage of the next precious appearance of sunlight.

THIS, you recall, was the first talking picture in which winter sports played an integral part of the story and supplied most of the locale. Naturally, much pioneering was necessary on the part of the workmen and technicians, those gifted, hard-working men who are the real heroes of motion pictures, though their glory is little sung. Snow photography presented a difficult problem. The balance of light and shadow had to be obtained by glare-reducing filters on the camera lenses, and by changes in the customary exposure time. For the scenes showing Miss Colbert, Mr. Young, and Mr. Douglas skating, a sliding platform was devised for the camera and cameraman, and this was pushed around the rink by boys on skates, so as to precede or follow the actors closely.

Finally *our* great day arrived. The brilliant background on which the five boys and I had worked so diligently was to be shot at last. Several times it had been scheduled and postponed. But to-day the cutter carrying Miss Colbert, Mr. Douglas, and Mr. Young was actually on its way back to our lovely slope. First came sleds bearing equipment and crew—wardrobe women, make-up man, maid, hairdresser, grips, laborers, sound men, and

director. Then the jingle of sleigh bells—and Miss Colbert! Poised at the crest of the hill, we were expectant, ready—even to Buck, fuming under his despised wig.

But something was wrong; the signal was just a casual, "Come on down, kids!"

We swooped down with the best grace we could.

"We've lost the light," Artie told us.

We never went back. Days later, some one told us the background had been dropped. The director had decided it was too distracting. The audience's attention might be taken from the dialogue, which was too sparkling and too important to the story to miss. A quieter background was substituted, and our spectacular descent from the hilltop never saw film, much less the screen.

One day Director Ruggles decided we needed music to help us give our big group scenes rhythm. The sound men sent recorded music over the amplifier system, and we skied and skated happily to music—music that was not to be recorded for the picture, but was used simply during the shooting. Mr. Ruggles, seated at one side of the set in his director's chair, motioning now and then to people as he wanted them to move into the scene, reminded one of an orchestra conductor, making a symphonic picture with people and setting instead of sound.

SOME of our most idyllic days were spent on Proctor Mountain. Chair-tows had been built for the skiers on both Dollar and Proctor Mountains, by the Union Pacific. These wonderful tows made it possible to transport the entire company, props, equipment—and lunch for all to the top of Proctor. The work was performed with awe-inspiring efficiency by the resourceful crew, and by the time the light was right, everyone was ready, equipment was set up, and shooting ready to commence. At midday, hot food was served by the Studio's own caterers, who followed us wherever we went and served infallibly delicious lunches, no matter where we happened to be shooting—the top of a mountain, or the bottom of a cañon, it made no difference to them. It was warm in the snow on top of the mountain, and all the company sat around the "potato hut," basking in the brilliant sun and feasting eyes and soul on the indescribably beautiful mountain country, magically painted with light and shadow.

Another time we spent several days working on top of Dollar Mountain, practically taking over the mountain, the potato hut, the tow and all, for our needs. A section of the bobsled run, the start of it, had been built up there. You may remember the part of the film where the heroine and the two rivals "take off" on the bobsled. You may remember, too, the wonderful, long icicles on the roof of the hut at the start. They were wonderful, and no one was ever allowed to forget it. A dozen times a day one would hear the warning, "Don't bump the icicles! They're wired on!"

Up here the company ran a bit amuck one day. The sun was capricious and, between intervals of sunlight, the players, the hard-worked crew, and even the most dignified members of the company turned back the clock and became six-year-olds once more. They slid down the icy bobsled run on skis, on shovels, or on nothing in the world but their ski pants. But the moment the sun showed signs of returning, everyone flew to his post for the serious business of making a picture.

Speaking of the bobsled run—shall I tell you a secret? The bobsled scenes were made in no less than four different localities and all

pieced together—the top of Dollar Mountain in Sun Valley, a cañon miles away from Dollar, Lake Placid in New York State, and an ice house in Los Angeles. The film editor flew East with a cameraman, while we were still in Sun Valley, to photograph the Lake Placid scenes, and brought the films back to Sun Valley Lodge to show the director.

Because the snow was disappearing faster than bona fide scenes could be made, we stock players worked much of the time in transparencies—backgrounds which could be used later back in the studio if needed. Three of us spent a delightful day, skiing for miles beside a woodland road while a sled carrying camera and cameraman followed us. Incidentally, some of these particular backgrounds or transparencies are being used now for another picture, *Remember the Night*.

Of course, there were many amusing little personal episodes—the day I first tried skiing, for instance. It was at the St. George; I was not to appear in the scene which was being shot—and there stood Sun Valley Red, the fastest of the ski-joring horses, and a grinning cowboy with a glint in his eye! And there was I, thirsting for adventure! A fatal combination. In a trice, we were off. It was no mild initiation. There was no shield behind the horse to keep the flying clouds of snow from striking my face, it was a rough country road, and the cowboy, riding at top speed, was determined to throw me. How I ever stayed on my skis during that two mile ride I don't know; I do know there was a bad moment as the cowboy speeded up for a bend in the road, throwing a wicked grin over his shoulder as he did so. I just couldn't spill after that grin. It was all that saved me.

I returned to the set in one triumphant piece, with a foolish smile that didn't come off for hours and wrenched shoulders that were sore for days. Ski-joring is wonderful!

What of the evenings, the holidays? What did we do for amusement? That is a story in itself. Remember that we were in the center of the winter sports world, so far as America is concerned—in Sun Valley, the newest Mecca of the smart social set and the dream world of every skier. Here was a luxury hotel in the middle of a glorious mountain wilderness, a stone's throw from a little mining town of colorful history. The people we met fell into three broad groups—the motion picture crowd, the hotel guests, and the village people who had known the valley for years. Toward the end of our stay, many famous ski champions began to arrive for the international races—Olympic stars, Swiss boys with accordions.

If we returned from the set early enough in the afternoons, we had time to ski on Dollar Mountain, or to practice turns on Penny Slope and Nickel Knob, the smaller hills near the Lodge, or to skate on the outdoor rink at the Lodge. Sometimes we just had time to dress for dinner, and the telephones jingled merrily in the rooms throughout the Lodge as we arranged dinner groups to suit ourselves. It was a gala life when the day was over. After dinner, we might drift into the game rooms for ping-pong, or into the Duchin Room for a bit of dancing and persiflage. Then perhaps a walk in the moonlight, crunching along under the stars. Sometimes even a sleigh ride; or later, when the snow began to melt and nights were like spring, a horseback ride.

Always, the most incredible pastime was a swim in the heated outdoor pool, which was circular and rimmed with snow. The bleak white mountains could be seen above the low glass encircling wall, as the steam drifted

starward. All snug and warm you felt in the pool, but the minute one toe peeped above the surface, the frosty air nipped it. It seemed too fantastic to be real, and no amount of repetition ever made the experience of the pool seem either reasonable or commonplace.

Not that everything was play after the shooting day was over. For some of us, yes, but for the staff the day was never really done. For the "bosses" there were long-distance calls from Hollywood, and figures to be compiled; for the machinists there were cameras to be checked; for the wardrobe people all manner of checking and repairing; for the hairdressers there were doubles' wigs to be dressed; for the drivers, endless trips to be made.

Every night the "rushes" were run in a private room in the basement of the Lodge. The "rushes," in Studio parlance, means the film that is shot during any one day. Often it is developed at night so as to be ready to show the director the next day. The Sun Valley film had to be sent to Hollywood each day, developed, and then returned to Sun Valley for showing, so several days elapsed between shooting and seeing the results. The "rushes" were not open to the public, of course, and only to the necessary members of the company. One night when I was allowed to see them, there were endless shots of horses and ski-joring, from which were to be selected those finally used in the picture.

In another basement room was a teletype, communicating directly with the Studio in Hollywood. At certain times every day the teletype would ring, and messages would clatter to and fro.

We began to hear remarks from higher up. "This picture is going to be a knock-out!" "Well—it had better be. Never has a location given more grief!"

Gradually the time of departure began to loom. We had come, in the dead of winter, to stay three weeks—and now it was spring, seven weeks later! Our friends and families were clamoring for our return. We were eager to see them—eager, in a sense, to go home and yet extremely reluctant. We didn't want the dream to end. It was a gay, stimulating life, up here in the Idaho mountains, with a story-book air about everything. Friendships had blossomed. A location is like a camping trip—traits, good and bad, crop out in amazing relief. You learn to know people soon and well, and friendship is quick, warm, and lasting.

We treasured each day, toward the last, and finally the hours. And then, as the final great influx of visitors and racers began to arrive for the first International Open Tournament at Sun Valley, we were given the actual time of departure, with about two hours' notice for packing. A complete special train, with a special schedule of its own, waited on the tracks in Ketchum. What a wild scurry that was—no time for weeping and regret, time only to assemble ourselves. And then, somehow, we were all on the train, and, after weeks of continual sunshine, warmth, and thaw, it began to snow again. Fresh snow, for fresh skiing! And we were leaving!

Just as when we arrived, the snow veiled the landscape from our curious eyes. Now, like a curtain closing on fair scenes and dramatic living, it fell again, softly, as the train began to move.



Leading Lady...

Carol is one swell little actress, all right . . . and pretty enough to be in pictures. But even though she's terribly popular, she hasn't any affectations at all! In fact she's the most natural girl in school. And the nice part of it is that she's always that way. She just never seems to be flustered or ill at ease.

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JINGLE BELLS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

"I don't believe there is such a man," sniffed Adele, tightening the belt of her parka and pulling on brightly embroidered white mittens. "Well, I see there's no place for me here."

Midge couldn't bear the droop of Del's shoulders. She knew how unhappy she could be, and this was no season for dejection. "Wait, Del. It's going to be a rough jaunt and all that—but would you care to go?"

"Why, thanks, Midge, if you really want me!" Adele had pulled off her cap and was already combing her blond curls. "Sure there's room?"

"I guess we can squeeze in one more. If not, I'm sort of head of the reception committee, and I'll go directly to the barn and see if I can help with the grub."

"You didn't tell me about that. It's quite an affair, isn't it?"

"Uh, huh," agreed Midge cheerfully, not letting the sacrifice dampen her joy. Picking up the photograph, she left Adele primping while she hurried down to tell Quentin of her invitation. As she plowed her way through the soft, dry snow, glittering in the sunshine, her spirits soared again. Oh, what a day! And what a day to-morrow! What a season! Merry Christmas. MERRY CHRISTMAS.

A jingle, tingle of sleigh bells, deeper, slower than those on skittish horses drawing light cutters, warned her of the approaching pung. She saw, to her regret, that William, the assistant farmer and subject of the photograph, drove the Percherons. How disappointed Del would be!

Quentin, catching her signal, left his friends and hopped off the pung, telling William to stop at the school. In spite of the merriment, his face looked glum.

"What's the matter, Tin?" There was no missing his scowl.

"That big beef of a William," he growled, indifferent to the volume of his voice. "Stingy hayseed. What do you think he just had the nerve to tell me?"

"I don't know, but don't shout," begged Midge.

"He's had a fight with his girl and doesn't want the picture. He says the deal's off, after I blew in a good quarter for the enlargement, and you wasted your time painting it."

"But, Tin, he'll lend you the battery just the same, won't he?"

"He will—not."

"Oh, Tin!"

"Exactly. We just had a swell row, but where does it get me?"

"And we can't drive to New York to-morrow?"

"Without a battery?"

"Couldn't you borrow one from somebody else?"

Quentin shook his head gloomily. "I'm not getting much cooperation home. Dad says three hundred miles is a long way to go to put a nickel in a slot for a sandwich—which only shows the Governor's feeling his years."

"No use blaming your father for William's meanness," scolded Midge. "Well, if that's that, it's that." She felt as if a great chunk of her happiness had been dislodged. She'd have to go back to her skimpy presents and, instead of an elegant day to-morrow, she must travel in a noisy day coach.

"I have something (Continued on page 37)

CHRISTMAS CARDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

gested that, before cutting, they color the part they planned to cut away in order to make it easier to see. This they did with small water color brushes and plain writing ink.

After the blocks were cut, the business of printing began and, with the first prints, there were squeals of delight and astonishment over the results. "I'd never believe," said Mrs. Randolph, "that they would turn out so well. Aren't they wonderful?"

Mr. Randolph was especially interested in the printing process, so he and Tom took charge of that part of the work, while the girls prepared the papers and Aunt Lollie and Mrs. Randolph took care of the completed prints.

This meant that Tom squeezed out some of the ink from a tube upon a square of window glass. He mixed the ink carefully with a palette knife until it was a smooth, creamy consistency, then rolled the brayer back and forth over the ink until the roll of the brayer was covered with a fine, satinlike layer of ink. Mr. Randolph then rolled the brayer over the engraved block until the raised surfaces were thoroughly covered with ink.

Marjorie and Joan had the paper ready, and Aunt Lollie said it was easier to make good prints with paper that had a soft matte finish, than paper with a glazed surface. The girls had dampened each sheet of paper slightly by laying it on a folded newspaper that had been soaked in water.

Mr. Randolph laid the dampened paper on the inked surface of the block, and pressed it down firmly and carefully with a small felt printer.

After the first successful experiments, everyone made prints. Joan wanted to use red ink, Tom wanted green—so they used two more panes of glass and two more brayers. There weren't enough felt printers so Aunt Lollie showed them how to use a silver teaspoon to print with, by pressing down and rubbing the paper with the bowl of the spoon. Tom found that he could make excellent prints by placing a number of folded newspapers on the floor, laying the dampened paper on them, placing the inked block face down on the paper and standing on the block.

Aunt Lollie and Mrs. Randolph were kept busy finding places to lay the finished prints out flat and face-up to dry. They spread newspapers on the tables, bookshelves, window sills, even the floor. The living room and sun porch looked anything but tidy when Annie appeared in the doorway. As she saw the busy group and looked at several of the cards, her grumpy expression gave way to her usual cheerful, white-toothed grin.

"Laws-a-massy," she chuckled, "I bet Miss Lollie could make things if she wuz settin' on a sand hill in the middle of the Sairy Desert. It sure makes me 'shamed about my grumblin'. Sure does. If she can git all these purty cards made without any place to work, then I kin cook a good Christmas dinner without a place to cook. You all just watch me."



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IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

MAN OF THE HOUR

If you were walking in a London street near the offices of the British Admiralty, any one of these days, you might happen to meet a certain man you'd look at more than once. An elderly gentleman smoking a dark, fat cigar, whom passers-by would stare at, a gentleman of medium height and more than medium weight whose chubby, pinkish, Kewpie-like face seemed made for smiling, but who instead, looked resolute, tense, grim—whose blue, direct gaze seemed to miss nothing. With your eyes on his face you might say to yourself, "Here's somebody of importance." And you would be right. You'd be looking at Winston Churchill, Great Britain's redoubtable First Lord of the Admiralty. His



is the urgent, tremendous job of bossing Britain's fleet.

Some men seem all of a piece, but sixty-five-year-old Winston Churchill doesn't, somehow, quite hang together. An aristocrat, a member of a class "above" manual labor, one of his favorite relaxations is—or was—building brick walls around his estate. In fact, he used to belong to a bricklayers' union. He's a man of dignity and gravity, an orator with a marvelous memory, vast learning, a fondness for grandiloquent phrases. But an impish streak runs through him. He giggles at circus clowns' antics. Occasionally he cracks the sort of jokes a Puckish schoolboy might envy. It amused him, last winter, to learn one of the new strenuous dances, called *Underneath the Spreading Chestnut Tree*. Panting slightly, he threw himself into its routine of violent steps with gusto and sly exaggeration.

From 1911 to 1915, Winston Churchill was First Lord of the Admiralty. He lost this position mainly because the Dardanelles campaign—it was his idea—failed badly. Now he's back in his old job because, of all British statesmen, he alone foresaw and foretold fully the staggering consequences of German rearmament. He was remarkably right.

Millions of his countrymen believe that his bossing of their navy means two things. First, that Britain will fight to the finish. Second, that the Allies will win.

Are these millions right? Only time can give us the answer.

A MARVEL FOUR MILES HIGH

Television experts put on a "show," one mid-October day last fall, that people interested in scientific marvels are still talking about. The stage where this show appeared was tiny: a screen seven and a half by ten inches. The audience was a group of eighteen newspaper men and radio technicians seated in a United Airlines' plane flying about twenty-one thousand feet above Washington, D. C. While these men sucked oxygen—necessary at such a height—from tubes, they watched talking pictures on the screen. These television talkies showed Mr. David Sarnoff, president of the Radio Corporation of America, and Mr. W. A. Patterson, president of United Airlines, making speeches reviewing the progress of the radio and aviation industries.

Actually, both men were sitting, some two hundred miles away, in the National Broadcasting Company's studio at Radio City in New York. (The sketch shows a television camera used in such work.)

The novel element in that telecast was this: it was the first practical demonstration of an accepted theory—that television waves, like light waves, travel in straight lines. Consequently, such waves—unlike ordinary radio waves—don't follow the curve of the earth. They shoot off at a tangent, at the horizon—which accounts for the fact that the world's highest telecasting station, on top of the Empire State Building in New York, can send its talking pictures only about fifty miles.

Television waves from that lofty station



can't be picked up by receiving sets in Washington, since they flash over that city, on the "line of sight," at an altitude of about twenty-one thousand feet. So it was necessary for the United Airlines plane to fly at that height in order to pick up the telecast images.

What may be the practical application of that experiment high over Washington? Well, big planes flying in the sub-stratosphere will, it is hoped, be equipped to entertain passengers with television shows. And observers in our Army and Navy planes, so high up as to be invisible from below, may be able to see things taking place hundreds of miles away. It's all rather dreamlike, still. Within a few years it may be real.

THE DRIVE AGAINST GLOOM

Since Adolf Hitler launched his grim "war of nerves," the British—and the French, to some extent—have been countering with a campaign of smiles. They've been trying to keep as cheerful as possible by welcoming any gleam of humor to be got out of the conflict. Here are some of the stories they've been telling.

First, there was the one which drew amusement from a rumor that the citizens of several Irish towns had "split" on going to war with Germany. About half of the inhabitants turned out their lights in a dismal blackout while the other half, strictly neutral, lighted up their windows.

Next, the anecdote told by Sir Philip Gibbs, the British war correspondent. It seems that, when London's children were evacuated to escape the danger of German bombs, a certain



conscientious little boy was billeted in a country home owned by a kindly matron. His only luggage was a large, old, worse-for-wear toothbrush. When the kind matron tried to take the toothbrush away from the boy and give him a new one, he refused to part with it. "You see," he explained, "I can't let it out of my sight. It's Uncle's."

From France came the story that the men at an air-raid defense post, near Paris, grew excited when they saw what they took to be a squadron of German planes flying toward the capital, in formation. Soon they perceived that the "bombers" were really a flock of geese, winging their way as geese do, in a wedge.

Many Londoners have quoted a certain letter written late in September. It suggested a solution for a pressing problem—what to do when a man's beard is so luxuriant that a gas mask won't fit over it snugly. The letter was written by Peggy Pollard of St. Mawes, Cornwall. In it, Peggy told the editor of the *London Times* that she had bought four "curling pins," had rolled her husband's beard up tightly in these and tucked it under his chin. She had then pulled the gas mask over his face, beard and all, and had found the mask perfectly airtight.

"This discovery," she ended triumphantly, "has been the means of preserving my husband's magnificent beard."

JINGLE BELLS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

to tell you, Tin, before we catch up with the pung. Del's coming. I had to ask her. That makes eleven. If there isn't room—"

"There isn't. The Governor said twenty was the limit, not counting the beef-eating tightwad. I'll drop out. I'd like to. The sight of William gives me hydrophobia."

"You'll do nothing of the kind. I'll stay out and meet you at the barn."

They had reached the sledge and already the girls were loading it with their skis and sleds. Adele joined them, smiling and radiant. "It's the grandest treat, Tin! I'm so grateful," she exclaimed.

Quentin made such introductions as were necessary, completing them with a wave of his hand toward the driver. "And you all know William."

Midge wilted under her sister's look of reproach. She felt like shouting, "I can't help it that Cue isn't driving! If you don't want to go, stay home!" But instead she explained hurriedly, "Look, kids, I'll meet you at the barn. I want to get there ahead and be sure the cocoa's good and hot."

"And I'm going with her, as her good man Friday," added Tin, interrupting a confusion of protests by waving to the driver. "Take it away, William!"

The jingle of bells muffled further objections, but as the sleigh pulled away Midge held up an envelope. "Tin, William's picture!"

"Here, give it to me." He shied it toward the farmer's head, but it fell short and Adele took possession of it.

The two walked in silence toward the village. The snow creaked beneath their heavy shoes.

"We might as well help trim the Christmas tree," suggested Midge, nodding toward the white spire of the Congregational Church.

"Okay, one thing's as dull as another," grumbled Tin, sounding like Adele.

The church, however, proved to be anything but dull. Various activities occupied different corners of the Sunday School room. A group of girls filled red stockings at a table. A woman at the piano endeavored to rehearse three silent little boys and a number of wispy little girls who piped thinly,

"We're the holly,

"Always jolly

"As we ought to be!

"When we enter

"We're the center

"Of the gayety."

"That's about how gay I feel!" Tin grinned in spite of himself.

They joined the workers around a huge balsam, and while they were hanging ornaments Cue arrived with a load of evergreen boughs. "Thought you were collecting trees," he said.

"I sent my sister," explained Midge. "You'd better come back with us to the barn. She's a swell dancer."

"If she's your sister, she ought to be," he answered with a gallantry unknown to Tin. "I'll take you up on that."

As they drove to the Hamilton farm in Cue's car, Quentin poured out his contempt for William. "Sneaking out of a bargain like that! It means I can't go to-morrow, after I've made all the preparations."



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"There'll be other times," remarked Cue without too much sympathy. Later, alone with Midge, he explained that his parents were giving Tin a new battery for Christmas—but that wouldn't make up for her bitter disappointment about the drive to New York!

As they were carrying sugary crullers and a huge pot of cocoa to the barn, Midge exclaimed suddenly, "We're not acting very intelligent, Tin. After all, we still have the holidays left, and Christmas, and—and these crullers look awfully good."

Tin nodded, and sighed. "Sure, I'll snap out of it, too. But I've always wanted to eat at the Automat."

ADELE scarcely spoke during the sleigh ride. While the others sang and tossed jokes back and forth, she gazed into space and thought how different the whole affair would be, if only Cue sat up there on the driver's seat. Not but what the farm hand was handsome. He was even better looking than his picture—and, at least, he wasn't a child. The boys around her, tucked up in blankets, looked revoltingly young.

As soon as they reached the brow of the hill, the boys and girls scrambled off the pung and lifted down their sleds and skis.

"Beat you to the barn!" shrielled one of the girls, whizzing over the crest of the hill, followed by a half dozen sleds.

"Want to coast down with me, Adele?" offered Sprat.

Del cringed at the thought of making such a spectacle of herself. "No, thanks. You're sweet to ask me, but I have to see that William gets this." She held up the envelope. "Don't wait. I can ride back on the driver's seat."

She lingered until the last skier had taken his wobbly way; then, making the best of a poor bargain, she summoned a halfway radiant smile for the young farmer, who was loading the Christmas trees on the pung.

"It's a shame, the way they've left you to do all the work," she sympathized. "They've left me, too."

"You can ride with me, if you ain't scared of fallin' off," he offered, quick on the uptake.

Adele grew chilled to the marrow while she waited for William to finish loading the

pung, but finally she clambered, unassisted, to the perch beside him, and they were off.

"I have your picture here in this envelope," she told him. "A Christmas present, I understand, for the lucky girl."

"Nothin' doin'," he contradicted. "I'm washed up on her."

"How can you be so cruel?" She shook her head with flattering concern.

"The more I see of some other girls, the easier it is to forget that one!" William let out a noisy guffaw and his breath formed a white plume.

Adele tried to echo the laugh, but the icy wind cut through her parka as if it were cheesecloth, and all the blankets were on the floor of the pung, under the Christmas trees. She tried to warm herself with thoughts of smoking hot cocoa, wondering the while if she would not have had a better time staying with the crowd.

"Do you know how to dance?" asked William presently, breaking a long silence.

"I could die dancing," Adele murmured, thinking how much pleasanter a death it would be than freezing.

"Know the Lambeth Walk?"

"Oh, I suppose I remember it—but it's passé now."

"Not around here, it ain't."

While she waited for William to unload the trees at the church, Adele thought she would congeal. Her fingers ached, and her breath, as she blew on them, might have been wafted from an ice floe.

Finally William sprang up to the seat beside her and clucked at the horses. Again he stopped, this time at a candy store.

"What now?" she asked. A hot drink of anything would keep her from freezing stiff before they reached the farm.

"Got an idea," he said. Preceding her, he strode to a small dance floor at the back of the store, where a chromium machine, in response to his nickel, released a record.

"Come on," William invited, snapping his fingers. "Help me learn that new dance and I'll give you a prize—a nice prize."

"Really?" Adele brightened, looking over her shoulder toward the beribboned boxes. "If I had something to warm me up..."

"Nothing like exercise to get you warm.

Here's how I do the Lambeth Walk." He gave a clumsy exhibition.

"Kick with more spirit, and point your thumb like this." She coached him to the end of the record. "There, you've improved a lot. Where's my reward?"

"Let's have some more," he insisted and slipped another nickel into the machine. "No use your traipsin' way out to the barn now."

MIDGE slowly pulled off her ski suit—girls at Duncan Hall were not permitted to wear ski suits in the dining room. The barn dance had been such a success she had temporarily forgotten her disappointment, but now, back in her room, wherever she looked she was reminded of their thwarted plans. Those cartons—she could never carry her Christmas presents home like that on the train. How could she manage the grape ivy? Maybe she'd give it to her mother—now that she couldn't afford the gloves—if she could get it home intact.

Sighing audibly, she opened her notebook and crossed off the three special gifts.

"Midge! Hello, there, Midge!"

Adele again. Well, at least Midge no longer suffered from any sense of guilt. "Hi, Del, where've you been?"

"Don't ask me. Have you anything to eat?" Adele picked up an empty cracker box and shook out some crumbs into her mouth.

"Why didn't you go to the barn? Cue waited an hour for a dance with you."

"Midge! You don't mean it! Not really!"

"Fact. What happened to you?"

"I've been having the most terrible time with that frightful William. What a selfish, creature! Why do the Hamiltons keep him?"

Midge shrugged. "Maybe the cows like him—I'm sure I don't. I see he sent back his photograph, the gypper."

"That was the final insult! After I had dragged him around and around that dance floor—ten records—he autographed it and gave it to me as a prize! As if I wanted his picture!"

"Autographed!" ejaculated Midge, interrupting Adele as she was about to tear the photograph in pieces. "Let me see it."

"He couldn't even spell my name," grumbled Del.

(Continued on page 41)

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES—GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH

At eighty-two, George de Forest Brush stood among the charred ruins of his paintings and equipment destroyed by fire, and vigorously laid plans for a new studio. This was characteristic of the man whose strength and singleness of purpose had consistently held him steadfast to his own ideal, untouched by waves of Realism, Impressionism, and Modernism running high about him.

George de Forest Brush was born in Shelbyville, Tennessee in 1855, but when he was very young, his family moved to Ohio. The artist's mother, a gifted but self-trained portrait painter, recognized her son's ability in drawing and painting and became his first teacher. While he was still in his teens, his parents sent him abroad to continue his art studies under Gérôme, a rigid and unimaginative painter from whom the young artist acquired the solid grounding in draughtsmanship and brushwork by which to express his own sensitive and imaginative spirit.

In his early twenties, Brush returned home and, stirred by the dramatic pictorial possibilities of the American Indian, spent sev-

eral years in Wyoming and Montana, painting Indian subjects.

After his marriage to Mittie Taylor Whelpley, Brush abandoned his Indian theme and began his long series of mother and child paintings, using as models his wife and seven children. Reminiscent of the fifteenth century Florentine masters in subject, composition, and in flowing lines of drapery, Brush's painting is modern in the human quality of his subjects. With deep-set eyes, broad white brows under smoothly parted brown hair, and strong, capable hands, his Madonnas portray the weariness and self-sacrifice of motherhood. His smiling, golden-haired babies and shy brown-haired children are real and endearing. His color is rich and glowing in velvet draperies, and soft and warm in flesh tones.

George de Forest Brush, to-day at eighty-four, has had more than fifty years of public acclaim. In 1901 he was made a Member of the National Academy, and the list of his medals and awards is a long one. He is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. —M.C.

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WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

FIRST LOVE. Instead of camouflaging the Cinderella plot, which has been attempted in so many pictures, the producer has used it almost literally and with charming effect for Deanna Durbin's first grown-up rôle. Deanna is a poor relation who spends most of her time with the servants; she meets and falls in love with her snobbish cousin's beau; the servants as a corps of fairy godmothers manage to get her to the ball; she loses her slipper as she dashes off at midnight just before her cousin's arrival—so it goes, delightfully. Of course, it is pleasantly acted (and sung) by Deanna and an excellent cast. (Univ.)

OUR NEIGHBORS—THE CARTERS. We hope the Carters (Fay Bainter, Frank Craven and five children) will be with us for many more pictures, for never has an American middle-income family been more faithfully presented. They are so entirely unregimented and well meaning, the mainspring of family life is so plainly affection and loyalty rather than authority, that the Carters serve as an endearing example of good will in family relations. The comedy is always gentle, and real. And the serious financial troubles which confront the family are real too—so much so that one is forced to face the fact that raising a family must be made less precarious than it now is if our people are to preserve their essentially American character, which rests on faith in the ability of the individual to build life somewhat to his own design. (Para.)

PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX, THE. The color and pageantry of this picture are so magnificent that it should not be missed. Bette Davis is pictorially and vocally excellent as Elizabeth. Though she fails to recreate the Queen, she does succeed in making real the tragedy of an older woman in love with a much younger man (Errol Flynn). The superabundant vitality which was Elizabeth's must have made her feel more youthful than when she was a neglected young girl at her father's court. Yet her mirror tells a different story and Miss Davis makes the conflict poignant. Believable, too, is the queen's overpowering love for England which is both her compensation and the obstacle to her personal happiness. A timely but sad note is Elizabeth's passionate wish to keep her land at peace. (Warner)

Good

CHUMP AT OXFORD. A. Laurel and Hardy invade the stronghold of British scholarly tradition with hilarious results. (Un. Art.)

DANGER FLIGHT. Another in the Tailspin Tommy (John Trent) series in which a boy saves many lives because he has learned about flying from model airplanes. (Mono.)

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK. A fine dramatization of the popular novel of pre-Revolutionary Indian attacks on white settlers in the Mohawk Valley. Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda are supported by an exceptionally able cast and the lovely color photography displays the scenic beauty of New York State to advantage. A "red-blooded" adventure story! (Fox)

HERE I AM A STRANGER. Here is a new and commendable use of college background to show a boy (Richard Greene) making his first mature decisions. These are complicated by the emotional upheaval of discovering a deep at-

tachment for the wayward father (Richard Dix) whom his mother (Gladys George) had divorced when he was a baby. Roland Young is splendid as the professor who had admired Dix as a student and All-American football star and feels that companionship with his grown son will bring about the father's regeneration. Richard Dix, too, gives an admirable performance and the love interest is charmingly played by Greene and Brenda Joyce. (Fox)

LAW OF THE PAMPAS. Good writing, an excellent cast and intelligent direction make this a superior action film. In addition its hero is the popular Hopalong Cassidy (William Boyd). (Para.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT. Baby Sandy continues to get around and charm every one in her way. This time she is left in the office of a newspaper columnist (Hugh Herbert), who writes about bringing up babies under a woman's name. About to lose his job, he claims Sandy as his own grandchild and credits her exuberant health to his methods of child care. He persuades his daughter (Florence Rice) and a stray young man (Richard Carlson) to pose as Sandy's parents and from then on complications come fast and hilariously. (Univ.)

ON YOUR TOES. The slight plot scarcely makes a film drama, but as motion pictures of a famous dancer's (Zorina) performance this is unusual and quite lovely. (Warner)

PRIDE OF THE BLUEGRASS. Gantry the Great, famous blind horse, has the lead in this pleasant comedy. Edith Fellowes and a good supporting cast act the story which is built around the horse's loss of sight and eventual triumph in the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree. (Warner)

TELEVISION SPY. The young inventor of long range television apparatus (William Henry) falls in love with a girl (Judith Barrett) he has seen only on a television broadcast. Aside from this novel twist the film is a routine spy drama. (Para.)

WALL STREET COWBOY. Roy Rogers goes East to secure a loan on his ranch and runs into big-city gangsters. More than the usual amount of comedy, of high calibre, too, is supplied by Raymond Hatton and George Hayes. (Rep.)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Excellent

FIRST LOVE
OUR NEIGHBORS—THE CARTERS

Good

CHUMP AT OXFORD, A
DANGER FLIGHT
DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK. Good, but exciting.
LAW OF THE PAMPAS
PRIDE OF THE BLUEGRASS

For descriptions of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading

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SAVDELL CAMPBELL

AUTHORS lately have been writing about the long ago in an engaging manner: for example, *The Pirate of Chatham Square, A Story of Old New York* (Dodd), by Emma Gelders Sterne, is an amusing tale which tells of many interesting persons, including Walt Whitman, Horace Greeley, Peter Cooper, and Samuel Morse, and finally reaches a climax in the race between the steam engine "Americus," steered by Captain Jones, a retired pirate, and a fine team of horses. *Runaway Prentice* (Viking), by Ethel Parton, tells of Jeff, an orphan who is apprenticed to a leather worker, and how his sister Mercy helps him to escape to Newburyport. The time is the year 1800, when Barbary pirates were threatening American ships. *Border Girl* (Little Brown), by Genevieve Fox, has for its scene a Vermont farm during the War of 1812.

The Tennessee border was contested by the Spanish after the Revolutionary War and was harassed by pirates and Indians. Ivy Bolton in her *Tennessee Outpost* (Longmans) introduces Brian and his sister Polly as typical of the young people who defended the nation. *Julia Ann* (Doubleday), by Rachel M. Varble, is the true story of a girl who was born in the wilderness of "Kentucke" in 1799 and who lived gayly in Virginia and Washington during the War of 1812. Later she returned to Kentucky to establish a new kind of school. *Hickory Sam* (Holt), by Clara Oncken, a tale of Illinois a hundred years ago, tells what pioneer settlement life was like in Abraham Lincoln's time. *Runaway Linda* (Houghton), by Marjorie Hill Allee, is an adventure story of two Quaker children who were brought, under false pretenses, from North Carolina to Indiana in 1875. *By the Shores of Silver Lake* (Harper), by Laura I. Wilder, is a stirring story about Laura, May, Carrie, and Grace, when Father became a railroad man and they all lived in a railroad camp in the Dakota Territory. Carol Ryrie Brink tells a story of the days when there were no automobiles, moving-picture shows, or radios—yet Ardeth and her friends, Henry and Martin, had a lively time in *All Over Town* (Macmillan).

If you like to read about family life, you will enjoy the fun of *Camping Down at Highgate* (Doubleday), by Hildreth T. Wriston, in which Emily and Theodore and the rest of the family go on a two weeks' trip, in 1905, to Lake Champlain from Vermont by train. *The Vale Family* (Macmillan), by Helen Hill and Violet Maxwell, is an account of a real household consisting of seven children, Father, Mother, and Cousin Jane. They lived in Washington in 1893, when Grover Cleveland was President and the famous World's Fair was being held in Chicago. *The Family From One End Street*

By NORA BEUST

Chairman of The American Library Association for Work with Children and Young People and Specialist in School Libraries for the Office of Education, United States Department of the Interior

(Vanguard), by Eve Garnett, introduces the large Ruggles family of boys and girls who have plenty of adventures in their house—the last, on a dead-end street in Otwell-on-the-Ouse in England.

If you are interested in reading about younger heroines, there is the following group of books: *Pigeon House Inn* (Crowell), by Sybil Emerson, which takes you to a delightful spot in Normandy where a jolly group of children solve a mystery; *Headless Susan* (Knopf), by Emma L. Brock, which is about a girl who has greater difficulty than most of us in remembering things, though she does succeed in her heart's desire; Alice Dalgliesh's *Young Aunts* (Scribner) which tells the story of the delight of two young aunts in a brand new baby nephew; *Paula* (Dodd), by Marguerite Vance, which introduces a heroine who lived at Mill Harbor on Lake Michigan after the roller mills were built and a group of new pioneers had come from Poland and Hungary; Ella M. Seyfert's *Little Amish Schoolhouse* (Crowell) which describes the quaint ways of the Amish folk who live in Eastern Pennsylvania.

Richard Holberg has made charming colored pictures for the following three stories of children who lived in other days: *Oh, Susannah* (Doubleday), by Ruth Holberg, which tells of the experiences of a frontier maid who didn't enjoy having the Indians walk off with the newly baked loaves of bread and especially with her mother's precious Vermont blankets; *Not So Long Ago* (Crowell), also by Ruth Holberg, which takes you back to 1893 and the strange sights of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago; and Elizabeth Palmer's *Give Me A River* (Scribner) which is a tale filled with the fun and excitement of pioneer life on the Saint Croix River in Minnesota.

Ruth Fedder's *A Girl Grows Up* (McGraw-Hill) tells about the important event of growing up, in a lively and helpful manner. Alice Ross Colver's *Adventure on a Hilltop* (Dodd) is a book for the girl who wants to make a business of writing, and who also likes to plan and work on re-conditioning old houses; *Sky Service* (Crowell), by Elisabeth H. Lansing, gives a good idea

of the work of stewardesses on the air lines and adds a mystery for excitement; *No Vacancies* (Doubleday), by Gertrude E. Mallette, suggests another possible future career for girls—as resident managers of apartment houses—and here, too, there is excitement; *Medical Occupations for Girls: Women in White* (Dutton), by Lee M. Klinefelter, tells the story of a first-aid class of high school girls who study under a woman physician.

A very different scene is treated in *Pandora's Box, The Story of Conservation* (Farrar), by Marian E. Baer, for here is a description of the work of scientists who are the new pioneers on the frontier of conservation of our own natural resources; *Saranga, the Pygmy* (Scribner), by Attilio Gatti, gives a vivid picture of the equatorial jungles of Africa where wild life still roams in abundance; and J. W. Wilwerding's *Tembo, the Forest Giant* (Macmillan) also describes wild life in Africa and includes the exciting career of an elephant. V. Wolfgang Von Hagen and Quail Hawkins, in *Quetzal Quest* (Harcourt), combine a tale of adventure with the scientific search in Honduras for the rare and beautiful bird called the "quetzal."

The Cokesbury Game Book (Cokesbury Press), by Arthur M. Depew, is a large volume that includes many old and new games, grouped as *active*, *quiet* and *writing* games. There are also suggestions for creative recreation. Grace Ryan's *Dances of Our Pioneers* (Barnes) is a well illustrated volume of dances that can be used by various groups as "mixers." The popular reels, jigs, hornpipes, quadrilles, polkas, galops, and schottisches are all described. Gertrude Walsh's *Sing Your Way to Better Speech* (Dutton) suggests how speech improvement may become a source of joy. Seumas MacManus's *The Well O' the World's End* (Macmillan) is a real help to the story-teller, for here are Irish folk tales that express wonder and delightful humor. Geraldine Elliot's *The Long Grass Whispers* (Putnam) contains folk tales that have been handed down for generations in the villages of Africa. These animal tales recall Aesop, Uncle Remus, and Kipling, but they also have a quality which is uniquely their own. *The Seven Voyages of Sindbad the Sailor* from the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, with woodcuts by Philip Reed (Holiday House), is a charming new edition of this classic. The expressive colored illustrations add to the reader's enjoyment of the story. This is indeed a volume, for the lover of tales to treasure. *The Book of Fairs* (Harcourt), by Helen Augur, suggests travel and the wonders of the past. The volume does, in fact, begin with the fairs in Biblical Tyre, and follows through to the San Francisco and New York Fairs of 1939.



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JINGLE BELLS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

Midge took one look at the penciled scrawl: "To Adele from her good friend William Schmelt."

"Adele! Adele Bennett! You angel!"

Adele stared crossly. "Have you lost your mind?"

"Lost nothing! I've found a way to make that buzzard come across. Look! He's accepted the picture! Signed on the dotted line! Now he'll have to pony up his battery!" She flung one arm about Adele's neck while she thumped her back with the work of art. "How glad I am you went on that pung ride! I'm a million times obliged. Don't go—wait a minute. I'm just phoning Tin the good news."

WINTER COTTAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

was warm and had a not unpleasant smell of onions, coffee, new overalls, and kerosene. There was a candy counter, and a wire basket full of oranges which made Minty's mouth water. The cold sliced ham and bologna sausage looked appetizing, too, but Minty's natural good sense had had much discipline. Neither Eggs nor Pop could have got by the chocolate bars and sausage without spending their money, but Minty went straight to the main counter and bought the kerosene.

When filled, the two cans were about all she could manage.

"Quite a load you got, sister," said a man who was sitting behind the stove. Minty noticed him for the first time. He sat tilted back with his coat open to the warmth of the stove, and on his vest there was a shiny metal star. Minty went cold all over. She knew a sheriff when she saw one!

"Yes, sir, quite a load," she said. She balanced the cans for a moment on the edge of a barrel of potatoes and looked at him with wide eyes.

"Where do you live?" asked the sheriff kindly. "I never see your face around here before."

"It is sort of uncommon," said Minty evasively. She tried to smile.

"Your father got his wagon out there? You can't carry them things very far."

"I'm pretty strong," said Minty. "I guess it comes from lifting pigs."

The sheriff laughed. "Farm kid, eh?" he said. "Have you seen any runaway boys out your way? There's one wanted in the Twin Cities that's been reported seen around here. Has he been around your place?"

"We don't see many folks out to our place," said Minty. The kerosene was slopping on her hands. She hated the oily feel and the smell of it.

"Tell your old man you're too little to carry all them cans. He'd ought to come in himself."

"I'll tell him," said Minty, struggling with the heavy door. At last she was out in the cold air again and hurrying to the river. When she finally reached the other side of the bridge, she was trembling like a leaf; and yet the sheriff had been all lazy kindness. So far as he was concerned, he had only been passing the time of day with a farmer's

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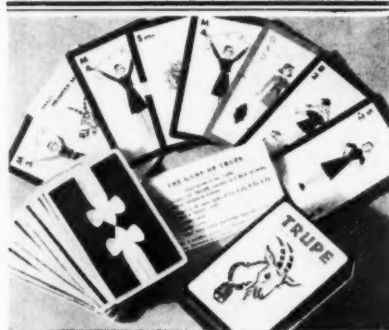
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daughter. It was Minty's own conscience which made her tremble.

"I'm on the wrong side of the fence, I guess," said Minty to herself. "And Marcia and all the girls like her are on the other side where the sun shines and the flowers bloom."

Joe had been watching for her, and now he came out of the bushes and took the two cans.

"It was yellow of me to let you go into town alone," he said, falling into step beside her. "But I don't want them to find me now. Maybe I'll go back in the spring, but I've got to have the winter to think it over. You believe that's right, don't you, Minty?" He looked at her earnestly, as if he really valued her opinion.

"Yes, Joe," she answered. "I think you ought to take your own time. But it's a good thing you didn't come into town. They're looking for a runaway boy." She told him about the sheriff.

The seven miles seemed much longer going back. Minty's whole body ached from the long walk and helping Joe to carry the cans. Joe had an easy woodsman's stride, but the cans were heavy even for him. Occasionally a car or a farm wagon came along the road, but, instead of begging a ride, they usually stepped into the woods to let it pass.

"Why don't you catch a ride if you can, Minty?" suggested Joe.

Minty thought a moment. Then she said, "No, I'll stick with you, Joe. It isn't so far now."

The sun went down before they reached the little crossroad that ran to the Vincent place. They watched it disappear as they rested a moment on a knoll by the roadside. A great bonfire of crimson light flamed up the sky after the sun was gone, and the earth looked strangely dark and green. The wind had fallen with the sun and not a dry leaf rustled. Far away on the quiet air there was a rhythmic, throbbing sound, like the beating of some giant pulse. Faint and far it was, but with an urgent rhythm that somehow stirred the blood. They both listened and Minty looked inquiringly at Joe.

"Tom-toms," said Joe softly, the listening look still in his face. "There's an Indian reservation a few miles over there. I skirted the edge of it, the day I met you in the woods."

"Oh," breathed Minty. She had seen an Indian once at the Chicago Exposition.

By the time they reached the cottage it was dark, with the early darkness of late autumn. But, tired as she was, Minty looked with wonder at the stars. They were not city stars, these glittering gems that dusted the sky so thickly. They twinkled and glittered with a remote and icy splendor, and underfoot the dried grass and leaves rustled with frost.

THE next weeks were full of outdoor work. "Before snow flies we've got to do some heavy work around this place," Joe declared. That sounded ominous, but really it was the beginning of one of the happiest times Minty had ever known. Pop, who still wheezed and coughed too much for heavy outside work, took over the housekeeping, and Minty and Eggs were Joe's helpers. Usually they took the boat and landed at some wooded island or point across the lake, where Joe went looking for wood. He was a good woodsman and took only dead or fallen trees, improving rather than spoiling the place he worked on.

The girls helped saw and chop, or made

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the small branches into bundles which they loaded into the boat. When the tree trunks were stripped of branches, they all worked to drag them to the lake, where Joe tied them together into a rough raft so that they could be towed home behind the boat. The woodpile grew high, and the muscles of the three young woodsmen grew hard, and their cheeks red.

They took their lunch with them and ate it around a camp fire on the beach. Joe took his gun, too, and often they brought home game for Pop to stew for supper.

Sometimes, through the still, cold air, they heard the throb of Indian drums, and one day, when the wood was nearly all hauled in, the girls begged Joe to take them to the reservation.

Beside the front door in the living room, the Vincents had pasted up a large map of the surrounding country with trails and water routes marked on it. Pop and the girls never bothered with maps, but Joe often studied it with his intense thoroughness. He went to it now and traced a route with his finger.

"If we took the canoe," he said, "we would go to the end of this lake, and portage across a short trail to the big lake beyond. Then, if we skirt around the shore there, we come to a channel that takes us into another tiny lake, where the Indian village is. It would be shorter than to walk."

Pop looked over Joe's shoulder. "You look out with the canoe," he said. "Canoes are tricky things. I don't know whether you ought to go or not."

"Oh, please, Pop," begged the girls. There was nothing like a little opposition from Pop to make them crazy to do a thing.

"Well, take good care of yourselves, that's all I have to say," warned Pop, trying to look like a stern parent.

Joe's father had taught him how to handle a canoe, and for some time he had been teaching Minty to use the bow paddle. It was simply a matter of timing her stroke to his and keeping it steady, for Joe did the steering from his place in the stern. They made an early start the next morning, with Eggs and the lunch basket as passengers.

A wintry sun was shining and a stiff breeze helped them along. It seemed to Minty that the canoe shivered and leaped under it, as a spirited horse might do on setting out for a canter. When they reached the end of the lake, they beached the canoe and looked about for the portage which Joe had seen on the map. The path from lake to lake was deep in leaves and looked as if it had not been used for a long time, but there were still the old blazes cut on the trees. Joe got under the canoe near the middle and lifted the main weight of it upon his shoulders, and Minty took the lesser weight of the stern. A quarter of a mile brought them to the big lake, and there a cold wind seemed to blow through them, and waves danced threateningly.

"Keep your paddle in the water as much as possible, and pull a long, steady stroke," said Joe. "It's rough for a canoe, but we'll make it."

Minty shivered a little. How the wind howled and shook the canoe! Up in the bow seat she seemed to be almost on top of the waves, and they looked unpleasantly active and cold. But she couldn't let Joe know she was afraid. If he said they would make it, they probably would, thought Minty.

Eggs was having the time of her life. "Gee, this is fun," she shouted, "being teetered around this way! It's awful cold, though. What if we tip over? I guess that

would be some surprise! Do you see those birds up there? They're flying in a kind of point, just like you see airplanes do in the movies. What are those, Joe?"

"Wild geese," said Joe. His voice was calm and steady in the wind. It gave Minty the feeling that everything was all right. Her arms ached, but she kept her stroke steady and her paddle in the water.

"Hey!" shouted Eggs. "That last wave splashed in and hit me! I'm wet and I don't like that."

"Keep your seat," said Joe. "She's rough enough without any help from you, Eglantine."

"I'm kind of scared, Joe," said Eggs.

"About two minutes more and we'll be through the worst of it."

Presently they were in the lea of the land and the canoe felt steadier. Minty drew her breath more easily again.

It was nearly noon before they found the passage for which Joe was looking. It was a narrow, winding channel through a marsh filled with swamp grass, cranberry, and wild rice. The rice and cranberries had all been harvested by the Indians, and only the brown grass waved and rippled in the wind.

But when they had come through the channel, they saw a pretty sight. The little lake was so sheltered that it was almost as quiet as a pond, and across the water from the channel was the reservation village. Bare and scant and poor it was, and yet it was somehow beautiful. It was built along a high bluff, with the whitewashed spire of a mission church on one side, and, at the other end of the village, a low building of weathered boards and evergreen trees which had been cut and stuck in the ground some time before and were now dead and dried a rusty red. Between these two buildings straggled a number of weathered log cabins and dilapidated clapboard houses, set irregularly with no idea of order or alignment, and yet the effect was picturesque. It was as if the meandering channel had led them into a foreign land. The closer they came, the more desolate the village looked. There was a small store, some fish nets spread to dry on bushes, and a few birch-bark teepees built near the houses.

As the keel of the canoe grated on the beach, a dog barked and two small Indian boys in overalls and ragged coats popped up from nowhere and helped drag the canoe up on shore.

Before Joe, Minty, and Eggs had gone far through the village, six more children had joined them, in a kind of solemn procession, with three or four dogs bawling and yelping behind.

"They don't still scalp, do they?" asked Eggs uneasily.

"No," said Joe, laughing. "They're just curious."

It didn't take long to see the village, and Eggs was clamoring for food.

"Let's ask them if we can eat our lunch in the store," suggested Minty. "I'm as cold as a fish!"

"The wind's come up a lot since we landed," said Joe. "It will be harder to cross the big lake going back than it was coming over."

Minty shuddered. "I don't think it could be worse."

"Don't you fool yourself," said Joe.

They pushed open the door of the store and found the place full of smoke and men and a variety of smells, but at least it was warm. Minty pushed in too far for retreat before she discovered that the central figure



Bryant Lane
Friday

Julie dear—

Something perfectly colossal has happened to my family! They've suddenly realized that I'm grown up. Mother lets me choose all of my own clothes, and Dad discusses psychology and economics with me. As if that weren't bliss enough, you should see the respectful way Betty trails around after me, asking millions of questions about college. The Elephant's Child had nothing on her for curiosity, so in self-defense I gave her our copy of JOAN'S FRESHMAN YEAR AT STANFORD*. Remember the fun we had reading it on the train coming home from college and the way we compared Joan's experiences with ours? I was awfully glad to give it to Betty because I've never, never, never read a college story as true to life as this one. I think what impressed her so much was that the author doesn't try to make college sound like a snap, but actually makes you feel that getting an education is a full-time job—and that having fun isn't a college girl's life work!

Being home for the holidays is grand fun, for something exciting is always happening, but last night there was a lull. Betty and I were home alone so we curled up in big chairs in front of the fireplace, and while she read JOAN, I relaxed with the smoothest story I've read in ages, MYSTERY AT FOUR CHIMNEYS**. You'd like it, for it's by Nina Brown Baker, our favorite mystery writer, and it's crammed full of suspense. It's all about two girls who uncover a perfectly salubrious mystery while they are visiting in an old mansion, and there's a diary, an old sea chest, a secret passage, and a mysterious bit of tapestry in the story. The reason I'm so sleepy today is that I simply couldn't go to bed until I finished it.

Doesn't the energy of the very young appall you at times? Just as I was snuggling down for an extra nap this morning, little Patty bounced on my bed. Before I realized what was happening, the six-year-old imp was making me read aloud to her. It wasn't long before we were both involved in the hair-raising adventures of one pet porcupine named Needles. In case you're ever in doubt as to what small children like, NEEDLES: THE WOBBLING PINCUSHION*** makes them roar with joy. It must be funny, for even I laughed at the pictures and the story—and that before breakfast!

A little later, I was just finishing one of Mother's superlative waffles when Tommy barged into the dining room looking very preoccupied. But I needn't have worried! Tommy's secret sorrow turned out to be

(Continued on page 45)

in the group of men was a white man whom she had seen before—the sheriff of Scandia Corners.

"Hello, sister," he said. "You get around right sly to do your shopping."

"Seems like you're in every store I go into," replied Minty.

"Has the kerosene supply ran out?"

"Not yet. We just want a warm place to eat lunch."

"I guess Charley White Dog can find you a barrel to sit on, eh, Charley? You got a corner by the stove for these kids?"

Charley White Dog, the proprietor of the store, obliged with three apple boxes behind the stove. The men went on talking among themselves and Minty maneuvered Joe into the darkest corner.

"Who's your friend, Minty?" asked Eggs. "He's awful nice, isn't he?"

"Hush up!" hissed Minty. "You let me do all the talking, and I'll tell you later."

Joe pulled his cap low on his forehead. The sullen look returned to his eyes. Alert for danger signals, Minty listened as she ate, her ears and eyes wide open.

An old Indian seemed to be pleading with the sheriff for leniency toward his son. The son, a young man in his early twenties, stood by with hanging head.

"He's a very good boy," the old man kept repeating in a quavering whine.

"No, Henry," said the sheriff firmly, "I've got to take him. I've told you a dozen times what he done. He got drunk and broke into Mr. Larson's house and went to bed in Larson's bed."

"He not steal," said the old man.

"No, he didn't take anything, that's true. But it's pretty near as bad to break into an-

other person's house without asking leave. A person hasn't any right to go in and use another person's house without permission. It'll do him good to cool his heels in jail for a week."

Minty couldn't help speaking. "Is that all he did, just stay overnight in somebody else's house?"

"Sure," said the sheriff, smiling at her. "Ain't that enough?" He clamped a handcuff on the wrist of the Indian and fastened it to his own. Then he came and stood over Minty. She was sorry she had made him notice her again.

"How did you kids get over here, anyway?" he asked.

"We came in a canoe," Minty told him.

"Canoe, eh?" said the sheriff. "Did you come through the big lake?"

"Yes."

"You'll never get back that way to-day, sister. She's sure boiling this afternoon and there's a worse storm coming. You could do it in a rowboat maybe, but, unless you're good swimmers, you better not try it in a canoe."

"I guess we'll make out," said Minty doubtfully.

"Look here, you kids, I'd hate to have to drag that big lake for you to-morrow. I've got room in the back of my car. You pile in there and I'll take you right to your own door. One of these Indian kids can bring the canoe across to your folks to-morrow or the next day, when the storm is over. How's that?"

Minty was seized with panic. Right to their own door—the door of the Vincents' cottage! She could almost feel the cold steel of the handcuff on her wrist. She heard her-

self saying in a small, firm voice, "That's mighty kind of you, Mr. Sheriff, but we're spending the night here."

(To be continued)

COMFORT and JOY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

into a bowl of buckwheat cake batter that chanced to stand beside him, "set" for breakfast, and spluttered greedily in the gray mixture, sprinkling it over his back and upon the floor.

"Oh, law, Miss Phyl, he done spile de buckwheat cakes!" Lobelia threw herself back against the wall in an abandon of laughter.

Heartened by warmth and food, Ducky grew bolder. Bracing his legs, he straightened up and puffed out his chest. "Quock!" he cried in a loud imperative voice. His tone was not modulated to the walls of a kitchen. It was suited rather to carry down from the clouds in a frosty autumn dawn, to the ear of some half-waking sleeper below.

"Oh, precious, don't do that again!" Phyl cried, with a glance at the stairs. "You'll bring Meg down. You sound so bossy. Let's put him in that orange box, Lobelia, and set it in the cellar behind the heater. It's pitch dark in there, and he can go to sleep." The cellar furnace room opened out of the kitchen. "Here, take the other end! Don't say a word about him. I've got an idea."

In the evening lamplight, the family with the family animals, Duke and Nippy, sat opening their presents before the blazing logs, while the lights of the tree glowed softly in the background.

"This is the nicest Christmas Eve we've ever had," Meg cried. "It's so lovely to be in our very own home, and don't you love the sound of snow on the windows? Makes you feel so shut in, and warm, and cozy."

The storm had, indeed, grown to such proportions that Lobelia, only a part-time maid, had expressed hesitation about going home after dinner, even though it was Christmas Eve—which, thought Phyl, was inexplicable if she really had stolen Meg's present. Aunt Marcia had urged her to stay for the night. She could sleep on a cot set up in the hall above. Now, summoned from the kitchen to receive her gifts and enjoy the tree, Lobelia sat near the back parlor door, an unobtrusive but delighted participant in the festivities.

"I've opened all my presents but one," Meg announced at last. "This one must be from you, Phyl. No, it isn't, either," she exclaimed as she read the tag. "It's another from Aunt Marcia. Oh, Aunt Marcia, aren't you the dear thing! White wool gloves worked in colored flowers!" She sprang up, to seize her aunt around the neck.

Under cover of Meg's excitement over the gloves Phyl tiptoed from the room, returning before her absence had been noticed. She held against her breast something brown and feathered. Lobelia gave a sudden squeal and pressed a fist against her mouth.

"Meg," Phyl said, "this is Ducky. He isn't a present—he's a visitor. He's come to tell you a sad tale. I had something nice for you—that blue and red clip that you saw in Baker and Pettit's window—but this afternoon I lost it. I can't find it anywhere. I was too disappointed to tell you myself, so I put it off on Ducky."

Meg's eyes had opened wide. "Ducky?"



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"Where'd you get him?" she stuttered, strewing tissue paper as she jumped to her feet. Aunt Marcia, as much surprised as Meg, stood to peer over Phyl's shoulder, restraining Duke's curiosity by a hand on his collar.

"Lobelia and I found him in the woodpile just before dinner."

"In the woodpile!" Aunt Marcia laid a finger on Ducky's alluring head. "To-night of all nights! Isn't that delightful, children? So Christmassy! A little wild duck, of course, that's been forced down by the snow. They must have been flying South late because of the warm autumn."

Meg reached out. "Give him here! Of course we'll find the clip, Phyl, but even if we don't I'd rather have Ducky. Really I would!" Dropping into her chair she nestled the little duck in her lap, crooning over him delightedly. Under stern admonition, Duke had subsided. He slumped heavily to the floor beside Meg, his nose on his paws, only a watchful upturned eye betraying his intense interest in the stranger.

Waked from his deep nap behind the furnace, Ducky was spending a disconcerting Christmas Eve. Now he apparently decided to call it a day and give up further struggle. "Do as you will with me," he seemed to be saying, as he settled down in Meg's lap, a passive ball of feathers.

"Poor little tired thing," Aunt Marcia said. "Turn out the lights, Phyl. The firelight and the tree are enough. Move back where it's darker, Meg."

"Phyl said he was only a visitor. But I don't see why we can't keep him?" The youngest Merriam's eyes turned beseechingly to her aunt's face.

Aunt Marcia looked regretful. "I'm afraid we can't, darling. He's a wild creature, you know, and, when the storm is over, we'll have to let him use his own judgment about going."

Meg heaved a deep sigh. "I love him," she mourned. "I'd do everything for him if he'd only stay."

What a shame if they had to give Ducky up now, when he had already captured all their hearts, thought Phyl. Her hand groped for the knob of the radio. There ought to be carols at this hour.

A quartette of fine voices, evidently English, answered her desire:

"The shepherds at those tidings

"Rejoiced much in mind,

"And left their flocks a-feeding

"In tempest storm and wind,

"And went to Bethlehem straightway

"The Son of God to find"

sang the voices. The refrain of the beloved old carol rang out heart-warmingly:

"O—tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,

"O—tidings of comfort and joy"

When the last sparks from the dying fire were loitering up the chimney and glowing ashes from the disintegrating logs tinkled one by one to the hearth, the grandfather clock in the hall chimed its notes reminding them of bedtime.

Aunt Marcia rose from the old goose-neck rocker. "We must go to bed, children. You youngsters will be up late to-morrow night, with your party. Now what are we going to do with Ducky?"

"Shall we put him back in his box behind the furnace?" Phyl questioned, backing out from beneath the Christmas tree where

she had been making an artistic disposal of the family presents.

"I'm afraid he'll be too warm there," her aunt objected, as they started down the basement stairs, Meg with Ducky ahead. "Yes, far too warm," she decided, as Phyl dragged out the orange box. "Even here in the kitchen it's warm. Ducky's used to being out of doors. Suppose we cover up his box and set it in a sheltered corner of the area?"

"Here's a strip of old carpet," Phyl said, emerging again from the darkness of the furnace room.

Testing the length of the piece, she spread the carpet over the box, but Aunt Marcia disposed it differently, leaving half of the top covered and half open. "There, that'll protect him. Wait, Meg! Don't put him in yet. Haven't we some soft old thing to lay in the bottom?"

"Somepin to keep Ducky's feet warm," Lobelia giggled. She turned to rummage in the rag bag behind the closet door.

Meg looked gloomily at the gaping box end. "I guess he's going to use his own judgment," she sighed.

"Ah didn't throw yo' sweatah away, Miss Phyl," Lobelia said, advancing with something in her hand. "Dem wool rags mighty fine to polish de andirons."

"My old green sweater!" Phyl reached for it. "Just the thing!"

But a sudden exclamation from the colored girl stayed her hand. "Wait a minute, Miss Phyl, honey! Hold on! Wha' dat hangin' to de sleeve? Fo' de Lawd, Miss Marcia, if it ain't Miss Meg's Christmas present!"

Lobelia was right. It was indeed the red and blue clip, the setting of a stone entangled in the ravelled wool.

Meg thrust her feathered burden on Aunt Marcia, to detach the recovered treasure from the old sweater sleeve. "Phyl, it's lovely!" she cried. "Thank you heaps! But how in the world did it get into the rag bag?"

"I know. I was wearing the sweater when Stan rang the bell. I took it off and dumped it on the bed where the presents were—and then I gave it to Lobelia to throw away. It must have picked up the clip then. Oh, I'm so glad!"

"Ducky's surely brought us luck," Meg rejoiced. "We might never have found it, if it hadn't been for him. Anyway not for ages." But neither Meg nor Lobelia noticed, or would have understood, the glance of happy relief that passed between Phyl and her aunt.

"Tidings of comfort and joy," Aunt Marcia said quietly. She patted Lobelia's sleeve.

"Merry Christmas, Aunt Marcia!" Phyl bolted out of her room next morning at the sound of a step on the basement stair. The storm was over, and a shaft of wintry sun stealing through the fanlight of the front door touched her blue pajamas and turned her blond hair into a rumple of gold.

"Merry Christmas!" Meg echoed drowsily, blundering out of her room behind the back parlor, eyes still half shut with sleep. "Where's Ducky?" she demanded, flashing awake at the sight of her aunt's head through the spindles of the baluster.

Aunt Marcia's face was sympathetic. "You were right, dear. He did use his own judgment. Ducky is no longer with us. I heard some of his friends passing over early this morning. I'm sorry, but he's undoubtedly having a far happier Christmas than we could give him. Now you youngsters must get down to breakfast. It's nine o'clock. Lo-

(Continued from page 43)

nothing more than anxiety about which of the characters in THE ISLAND MYSTERY**** was the real villain. According to Tommy, this is Waldo Fleming's "newest thriller," and the story, which takes place on an island in the Aegean Sea, sounds like the last word in excitement. I'm going to sample it, for in spite of six months at college I still have my youth—and good yarns are rare.

And, speaking of age, I almost forgot the big news! I told you that Mother promised me something extra special for my birthday. Well, it turned out to be a little two-piece plaid suit in the most divine green and blue you've ever seen. I feel definitely Scottish in it, and as though I should be carrying a copy of JOCK BAREFOOT***** under my arm when I wear it. I don't know whether you've seen this book or not, but Gretchen had a copy here yesterday. It's by Maud Lindsay, whom we've always adored, and it has a breath of heather in it—just like my new suit. It'll be a grand story to give to little boys and girls for Christmas, for it has so much more action and charm than most stories for eight-to-ten-year-olds.

Here's another tidbit. Did you know that mothers are terrifically sentimental underneath it all? Well, mine is. She practically wept over a lovely little book called GOING-ON-NINE***** that we bought for little Betsy's birthday. The story is by Amy Wentworth Stone and Mother said that the quaint, old-fashioned illustrations made her think of her Grandmother's home and her little-girl days there. And Mother was right! This book has something different about it—it carries you back to the other time when bustles were in style and Christmas meant horse-driven sleighs. Honestly, I've never read a book that makes the reader so conscious of the thoughts that actually go on in a child's mind. It's positively uncanny to realize that we were ever almost nine years old, and that we had the same kind of "thinks" as little Abby in this story.

Sometimes I'm almost sorry to be completely grown up, aren't you?

Love, Midge

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**MYSTERY AT FOUR CHIMNEYS
by Nina Brown Baker, Price \$1.50

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*****GOING-ON-NINE
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If you'd like to know what Julie answered, see page 47



POCKET PIECES Dandy Gifts for Dads!

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A Key Case, of green leatherette, has a zipper "track" to whisk keys in and out like magic. 11-652.....\$.35

A Chow Kit that can be worn on the belt, holds a spoon, and folding knife and fork in a green leather case. 13-283.....\$1.25

The Coin Case has a special compartment for bills, and "runners" for ready change. The soft sheepskin is dyed deep green. 11-623.....\$.75

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belia's going to make buckwheat cakes. She set another batch."

For a moment Meg looked stricken, then she swallowed the lump in her throat and brightened up. After all, life did hold com-

THE NICK of TIME

speak. She just touched the table and nodded her head.

"She says yes, you can buy," said the old man.

"What is the price?" asked Fanny.

Mr. Milliken narrowed his eyes shrewdly. "Five dollars iss nod too much, for a good cherry table like dot," he said.

Fanny opened her purse, casually drew out a five dollar bill, and handed it to Mrs. Milliken. From her air, you'd have thought she had a purse stuffed with bills, instead of having sold her old fur coat to the washwoman to get that money, just before we left town.

"Have you anything else to sell?" Fanny asked. "What about this cupboard? It looks rather old. Or is it?"

"Dot old cupboard come from Holland wid my great-grandmudder, when she come to Pennsylvania in 1739," he said.

Fanny had the grace to blush. We went over to see it better. It was decorated with painted tulips, very faded and dark with age. "Would you care to sell it?" asked Fanny.

"If de old place iss going," he said, "it might as well go, too. Ve von't haff no place to put it, den, I reckon."

"We'll take some pictures of it, if you don't mind," Fanny told him. "We have some friends who buy old furniture. They might offer you a good price for it."

"Sure, dot's all right," he said.

Fanny pulled out the time exposure and took three snaps of the cupboard, with the doors open and closed.

When we got ready to go, Mr. Milliken went over and lifted a Dutch Bible and a little brass candlestick off the candlestand, and set them on the mantel shelf beside a blue glass vase with a fluted edge. Mrs. Milliken slipped her hand into a bag that hung on her wheel chair and drew out a dust cloth. She carefully dusted off the little candlestand, though there was no dust on it, not one speck. Then she gave it a small pat, a little loving gesture of farewell.

"She's a great one for dusting," said the old man with pride. "Even since she got her stroke, she dust that little table every day."

He picked up the candlestand and carried it, as carefully as if it had been a baby, and set it in the back of the Chariot. He covered it with a ragged quilt Fanny had brought. His face looked old and stern as he turned and went back into the house. I knew he did not want to see the little table leaving.

When we were out of sight, I covered my face with my hands and burst into tears. "Fanny," I said, "I feel like we have kidnapped a child. We ought not to have bought the table. What good will five dollars do them?"

"I think we can resell it for twenty, maybe, and give them the difference, but I didn't want to raise false hopes in them," Fanny said.

"What about the cupboard?" I asked. "Unless we get the whole five hundred, we might as well get nothing. I mean if they lose the place, they will soon be on charity anyway."

"It may be really valuable," said Fanny. "Uncle Josh Rutledge ought to know. He reads a lot of books about old furniture."

pensations. "Did you say nine o'clock, Aunt Marcia? Phyl, we'll have to hurry. Better get right into our ski suits. Before we're through breakfast, it'll be time to go out with Stan."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

We unloaded the table at Fanny's house, and took the films on to the Camera Shop. We asked Mr. Hinkle to develop them as soon as possible.

We got them the following Monday. Mrs. Oliver called up her friends and showed them the pictures and told them the cupboard was priced at five hundred dollars, but she kept its whereabouts a dead secret for fear someone would rush up there and buy it for fifty. No one was interested in it at five hundred dollars.

So we took the pictures and went to see Fanny's Uncle Josh at the bank. He is a thin little man, with a bald head and thick eyeglasses. He is a bachelor and very finicky and precise. We barged into his office and Fanny said, "Uncle, can you spare the time to look at these?" She waved the pictures under his nose.

He brushed her off as if she had been a mosquito laden with malaria germs. "Be seated outside a few minutes, my dear niece," he said irritably. "I am just consummating an important transaction." (He never speaks plain English.)

We sat down in his outer office until the door finally opened. He crooked a finger at us and said, "I am at leisure now."

We went back in, and Fanny began at once to explain. "Uncle," she said, "we are just like little Eva on the ice, with the bloodhounds after her. We have got to have help, or all is lost."

"I have observed that you live in a state of emergency, Frances," he said. "Be calm, and tell me what is wrong."

"We've got to raise five hundred dollars before the fifteenth of December, Uncle Josh," Fanny said, leaning across his desk. "If we don't do it, that vile Shady Carter is going to foreclose on some dear friends of ours, Mr. and Mrs. Milliken."

Mr. Rutledge's face took on that wary, cautious look a banker wears when anybody mentions borrowing money. "My dear Frances," he said, "I am sympathetic to your friends, but the banking laws, unfortunately, do not permit me to use sympathy for collateral. I had to refuse Mr. Milliken's request for this loan. I am surprised that so independent a man should send you and Lucy Ellen to try to influence my judgment."

"He didn't send us!" cried Fanny, indignantly. "He doesn't even know we are trying to raise the money. We are not asking for a loan. Look here!" She laid the pictures down before him. "These are pictures of a cupboard they own. We just want your opinion on it, that's all. Is it valuable or not?"

"A moment, Fanny!" Mr. Rutledge took off his glasses and began to polish them with care. "You are too precipitate." He replaced his glasses and gingerly lifted one of the pictures. He examined it for at least a minute, then he said, "Hm. Very interesting. And this piece, you say, belongs to the Millikens?"

"It has belonged to them for centuries!" said Fanny. "Isn't it rare?"

"Unusual, at any rate," her uncle said, picking up another picture. "Late seventeenth century, I would say." (Continued on page 49)



Laugh and Grow Scout

Famous Last Words

"I wonder if it's load-
ed? I'll just look
down the barrel and
see."

"That's the train whis-
tle. Step on the ac-
celerator and we'll
try to get across be-
fore it comes."

"They say these things
can't possibly ex-
plode, no matter
how much you
throw them around."

"I guess this rope will
hold my weight."

"It's no fun swim-
ming around here.
Let's go out beyond
the life lines."

"These traffic cops
can't stop me."

"Which one of these
is the third rail,
anyway?"

"That firecracker must have gone out. I'll
light it again."

"It smells like gas, but I guess it's all right.
Lend me a match."

"I took some medicine in the dark, and I must
have got hold of the wrong kind."

"I'm not afraid to walk on the track."

"Let's change places, and I'll paddle." (James
Waldo Fawcett)—Sent by JOYE HUMES, *Iola, Kansas.*

What Price Glory

PROFESSOR: How would you like to be
great enough to have your face on a ten dol-
lar bill?

STUDENT: I'd much rather have my hand
on it.—Sent by VESTA ETHEL STEEN, *Spring-
field, Illinois.*

Logic



TEACHER: Which is farther away, the moon
or Africa?

PUPIL: Africa.

TEACHER: Why?

PUPIL: We can see the moon, but we can't
see Africa.—Sent by JEAN MACKAN, *Ashley,
Ohio.*

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month



Proved

CUSTOMER: Can this coat be worn
in wet weather without hurting it?

FUR SALESMAN: Lady, did you ever
see a skunk carrying an umbrella?—
Sent by JUNE HAWTHORNE, *Washing-
ton, D. C.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your fun-
niest joke, telling us your name, age, and
address. A book will be awarded to every
girl whose joke is published in this box.

dryly remarked, "It won't be much of a torch-
light procession, madam."—Sent by RUBY
ALMGREN, *North Wilbraham, Massachusetts.*

Mistake



WAITER: How did you order your steak,
sir?

CUSTOMER: Orally, but I realize now I
should have ordered it by mail and in ad-
vance.—Sent by CARLYN PULS, *Beaufort,
Missouri.*

With a Sigh

DINNER GUEST: Will you pass the nuts,
Professor?

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR: Yes, I sup-
pose so, but I really should flunk most of
them.—Sent by VERLA MONGER, *Stockham,
Nebraska.*

He Knew

SMALL BOY: What is college bred, Dad?

DAD (with son in college): They make
college bread, my boy, from the flour of youth
and the dough of old age.—Sent by FLORENCE
ORNEE, *Grand Rapids, Michigan.*



Here is Julie's answer to Midge's letter on page 43

Hillcrest Heights Monday

Dear Midge:

Three cheers for you! But won't you tell
me how you did it? I mean, how you
convinced your mother that you're not ex-
actly an infant? Mine still makes me wear
galoshes if the sun stops shining for an
instant! But she's a darling anyway. Re-
member STARS RISING, the career story we
were so mad about last year? Well, Mother
saw Janet Ramsay's new book, SINGING
BIRD, when she was shopping the other day,
and she bought it for me as an advance
Christmas present. It's absolutely mar-
velous! All of the Friday Afternoon Dozen
are in it, but Alice, the one with the beau-
tiful voice, dominates the story. Until I
finish it, you'll just have to imagine the
plot which Miss Ramsay, with her knowl-
edge of music and her personal contacts
with the great opera stars who sing at the
Metropolitan in New York, has built
around Alice's joys and sorrows. SINGING
BIRD* isn't at all an impossibly glamorous
success story, and Alice isn't offered a con-
tract at the Metropolitan even at the end
of the book. But I won't spoil it for you
by telling you anything more than that it's
full of Alice's life in New York and her
training under the supervision of the fa-
mous Madame Palmgren, while Ted and
Barbara and the others keep bobbing in
and out of the picture. Opera fiend that
you are, you'll love it!

Maybe it's because I'm going to be a
kindergarten teacher (at least that's the
reason I give publicly), or maybe it's
that I have a secret passion for picture
books (as Dad insists), but I've been
having an orgy of reading aloud to Peter
and Sue. A fond uncle just gave them two
enormous books full of the funniest pic-
tures I've ever seen. Peter's pride and joy
is THE WHALE AND THE FERRYBOAT,** and
the story is full of the repetitious fun that
little boys crave. Sue likes to listen to it,
too, but I always have to read her CATS
FOR THE TOOSEYS*** immediately after-
wards. It's by Mabel Guinnip LaRue, and
you know how we've always adored her
writing. The grand thing about these
books is that they both have large, black
type, and Sue and Peter will be able to do
their own reading before long.

Confidentially, but you mustn't quote
me, being grown up isn't as much fun as
it seemed back in the rag doll and mud pie
days. And I get positively envious of to-
day's infants when I see the way publish-
ers make their reading a delight instead of
a task. If you don't believe that times
have changed you should see two of the
books that mothers are substituting for
spankings. After reading TO-DAY WITH
TOMMY**** and TO-DAY WITH DEDE*****

(Continued on page 49)

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THE newest United States postage stamp, issued to commemorate the admission to the Union in 1889 of the States of North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, and Washington, has, for its central design, a geological colored relief map of these four States, prepared by the Geological Survey of the Department of the Interior. It is of three cent denomination, printed in purple ink.

North and South Dakota both joined the Union on November second, but Montana was not admitted for six days later and Washington came in on November eleventh—all in the year 1889. The new stamp was first sold to the public on November second at Bismarck, North Dakota and at Pierre, South Dakota. At the close of business that day, the stamp was withdrawn from sale. On Wednesday, November eighth, the stamp was issued, for one day only, at Helena, Montana; and on November eleventh, it was sold, also for one day only, at Olympia, Washington. The stamp became available at most of the larger post offices in the country, as well as the four State capitals above named, on Monday November thirteenth.

Not many of our readers know that Hungary, recognized primarily as a Catholic state, is actually one of the most liberal outposts of religion. The custom in Hungary for years has been to celebrate October thirty-first as a national holiday to honor the country's Protestant great. This year a week was set aside, from October twenty-fifth to November second.

Among the many special decrees authorized to mark this occasion was a special set of five semi-postal commemoratives which are devoted entirely to the history of Hungary's Protestant past. A surtax over the face value of the stamps was collected and turned over to the Gabor Bethlen Foundation, to be used for the erection of an International Protestant Institute.

The six filler plus three filler green bears the name and favorite text of two pioneer missionaries, Devai Matyas Biro, known as the "Hungarian Luther," and Melius Peter Juhasz, who was considered to be the "Hungarian Calvin." On the ten filler plus five filler red-violet is shown a portrait of Hungary's first translator of the Bible into Hungarian, Karoli Gaspar.

Szenczi Molnar Albert, who translated the Psalms into Hungarian, is honored on the twenty filler plus ten filler blue. Prince Gabor Bethlen, under whose reign Hungary's easternmost province of Transylvania grew into a major power, is shown mounted on horseback on the thirty-two filler plus sixteen filler light-brown. The forty filler plus twenty filler gray-blue shows the portrait of Lorantfy Zsuzsana, the wife of Prince George Rakoczy, who laid the foundations nearly three hundred years ago of the famous English Protestant College at Sarospatok.

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THE NICK of TIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

"Is it worth five hundred dollars?" asked Fanny.

"It is possible that it is," he said, pressing the finger tips of both hands lightly together.

"We have to know right away, Uncle Josh," said Fanny. "If we don't get the money before the fifteenth, all is lost. Don't you want to buy it?"

"I do not," he said, and closed the subject right there.

Fanny stood still a minute and her eyes filled with tears. She picked up the pictures and turned to go.

As we started to leave, Mr. Rutledge said, "I suggest, Fanny, that you leave those pictures with me. I will mail them to a friend of mine in New York, who might have an interest in them."

"Oh, Mr. Rutledge," I cried, "tell him that if he will just take the cupboard and pay us five hundred dollars, it will mean everything to the Millikens!"

"My dear child," said Mr. Rutledge, "it is clear that you are not an experienced sales person. My friend has never heard of the Millikens before. Obviously, he would not buy the piece to save the day for them. He will buy it only if he thinks he can sell it again, and for a profit."

"Well, please price it at five hundred," Fanny said, "and tell him to make up his mind as quick as he can."

I know that we nearly drove Mr. Rutledge crazy, in the following two weeks; in fact he said we did. Every morning we went to the bank to see if he had had a reply from his friend in New York.

"Patience, my dear young ladies," he said every time we went. "Remember Rome was not built in a day."

"How can we be patient?" wailed Fanny, the last time we went, "when this is the last day before the foreclosure?"

"My dear niece," he said, "when you have lived fifty years, you will have learned that nothing is as important as you now think it is."

"He makes me so mad!" Fanny said, when we went out. "His veins aren't filled with blood, they're filled with ice water."

"Just think," I said, "in the morning, at ten o'clock, the Millikens will be sold out, and here we stand, helpless." We were so disconsolate that we stopped at the drug store to get a hot fudge sundae because nothing can cheer you up, in times of discouragement, like that.

Then we went on to Fanny's house. Mrs. Rogers was there, she had come to see Mrs. Milliken's candlestand.

"The price is twenty dollars," Fanny told her. "We are selling it for some friends."

Mrs. Rogers, like Barkis, is "a little near." She began to pick flaws in the candlestand. "That pedestal," she said, "is not cherry, like the top. I think it is walnut. Would you care to sell it for ten dollars?"

"No, Mrs. Rogers," answered Fanny firmly, "our friends can not afford to sacrifice it."

"Oh well," she said, "I guess I'll take it."

"You will have to wait until to-morrow, Mrs. Rogers," I said suddenly, because the thought of her owning it was unbearable to me. "Another person has spoken for this table, but she won't know until to-morrow whether or not she can take it."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Rogers with a frown. "I think, however, you might have said so in the first place."

When she was gone, Fanny turned to me. "I didn't know anybody else had spoken for this table."

"Oh yes," I said, "and I'm sure Mrs. Milliken would rather she'd have it than Mrs. Rogers."

The telephone rang. I heard Fanny gasp, "Oh, Uncle Josh, you don't mean it! Read it aloud to me. Oh, Uncle, that's too, too scrumptious. You were a darling lamb to put us onto him!"

When Fanny calls Mr. Rutledge a darling lamb, you may know she is beside herself. The minute she hung up the receiver, I grabbed her by the shoulder. "Tell me all," I commanded. "Did the man buy the cupboard?"

"He wired Uncle he will take it!" Fanny said. "He wired him the money, Lucy Ellen, the five hundred! Oh, Lucy Ellen, God's in his heaven, after all."

We sat down on the sofa and hugged each other. "I can't wait!" Fanny chuckled. "I want to see Shady's face when we hand him that check. He wanted the property, not the cash. Oh, Lucy Ellen, isn't it just like one of those old 'mellerdrammers' where the villain is about to dispossess the family from the old homestead, and abduct the beautiful daughter? And just in the nick of time, the hero comes galloping up with a roll of bills and a marriage license?"

"Exactly," I said, "except that we shall be galloping up with a roll of bills and the little candlestand. The face I can't wait to see is Mrs. Milliken's, when we carry the candlestand in."

Fanny stared at me a minute, then she burst out laughing. "I see," she said, "you're the customer who reserved the table."

"The same," I said. "But I can't pay twenty dollars for it. This is the best I can do." And I drew out the four tattered one dollar bills, and ninety-five cents which I had been saving for my Christmas shopping.

(Continued from page 47)

children simply don't seem to have any desire to get into mischief. They are so busy trying to imitate the things that Tommy and Dede do that they haven't time to think up original ideas for making Mother's life miserable. The pictures in both books are the simple kind a child might draw and the stories are told in words of two syllables.

There I go sounding positively ancient, but I can't help thinking that a youngster's life today is a bed of roses compared to ours. We didn't have any books like A BOY OF SALEM, in which history is cleverly insinuated into a perfectly swell story so that it is absorbed painlessly. Although I know that we're supposed to be inured to suffering by this time, I am a little bitter about the grind we have to do for our course in American history. I wouldn't mind any kind of history if I could read it between the lines of a story like A BOY OF SALEM! And I understand from young brother Jimmy that Timothy Higginson, the hero, "is certainly no sissy." From the few paragraphs I read I agree with him that Timothy is of the stuff of which heroes should be made, but frequently aren't. And it's this red-blooded, he-manish quality about A BOY OF SALEM***** that has captured Jimmy's imagination so completely.

I have heard of practically everything being used as an accessory, but I've never heard of wearing a book before! What can you suggest to wear with THE COPPER KETTLE?***** Thinking up something to go with that should keep you busy for a while, for this is a story about Sweden, and the little girl in it has freckles on her nose, auburn braids, and the same antipathy toward anything domestic that you used to have. In fact, though maybe it isn't cricket to remind you of it now, she is the same sort of warm-hearted tomboy that you were when you were ten years old. I loved reading about her scrapes, and the next time you talk about your trip to Sweden I'll be able to cope with you, just because I had a private preview of Gretchen's Christmas present—but you mustn't tell her I read it first.

Speaking of presents and such, Dad has bet me five dollars that I don't finish my Christmas shopping before Christmas Eve, but the bet is already won, so how about lunch and a movie tomorrow?

Love,
Julie

*SINGING BIRD by Janet Ramsay, Price \$1.50

**THE WHALE AND THE FERRYBOAT by Josephine DeWitt, Price \$1.00

***CATS FOR THE TOOSEYS by Mabel Guinnip LaRue, Price \$1.00

****TO-DAY WITH TOMMY by Katherine Keeler, Price \$.50

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*****A BOY OF SALEM by Mildred Buchanan Flagg, Price \$1.00

*****THE COPPER KETTLE by Annette Turngren, Price \$1.50

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS
385 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

ing, sandy fingers of the dreaded Diamond Shoals. The life saving service is the only occupation on the island and the entire male population was and is engaged in it. The able-bodied men all belong to Life Saving Station Chicomi-comico—or Number 179 to those whose tongues cannot manage the long Indian name. The retired oldsters look back upon a life of valorous service, and the young ones sigh for the day when they can leap into

the lifeboats and go, battling, into the teeth of the storm.

This, perhaps, is another reason why Christmas at Rodanthe has changed but little during the past two centuries. These men are a rugged lot, brought up never to quail or to give up. The Latin motto on the shields of their uniform means "Always Ready," but the men themselves have coined an apter one. "You have to go out," they say, "but you don't have to come back." And go out they do, their small boats looking like peanut shells in the mountainous surf.

The people of Rodanthe are as "set" about Christmas as they are in their duty toward a foundering vessel. December twenty-fifth is not Christmas at all, they stubbornly contend. The date is wrong. It should be January fifth, and this day and no other should be celebrated as Christ's birthday. And so, while the rest of the country is observing Christmas, the sand-bankers go about their tasks as usual.

The reason for this idea of the date of the Savior's birth had its beginning in the year 1582. This was three years before the first English colonists set out for Roanoke Island, one of the chain of sandy islands of which Hatteras is a link. In that year Pope Gregory XIII abolished the use of the ancient calendar and substituted the Gregorian calendar, or New Style, because the old Julian calendar, which had been in use since the days of Julius Caesar, had errors in astronomical calculations. But Protestant England of the year 1582 considered this tampering with the calendar a piece of Popish arrogance and would have none of it. Not until 1750 was the Calendar Act passed, and by that time English settlers, already established in the New World, were living an independent existence along the lonely sand bars. When the news of the change finally leaked through to them, they refused to accept the new calendar, considering it a "newfangled" innovation. As years passed, the custom of their fellows forced them to use it for everyday affairs, but for the sacred event of the Savior's birth, none but the old calendar would do. Few on Rodanthe could now explain why they celebrate Christmas on January fifth, but though the reason is forgotten, they stanchly adhere to the tradition.

Even the domestic animals and fowls of the island share in the belief in "Old Christmas," as it is called. For weeks beforehand the cocks wake up and crow at midnight, we are told, heralding the glorious event; and at midnight, on the eve of January fifth, the horses and cows are gifted with human speech. Children sit up, sleepy-headed, to creep out to the stables and eavesdrop—maybe to catch the beasts kneeling in adoration of the Christ Child. This ancient belief is handed down from the long-ago farm folk of England.

It is seldom, these days, that Dobbin and Bossy are overheard in conversation, and those who claim to have caught them at it are usually children endowed with healthy imaginations. But the old folk who gather about the Christmas fire can sometimes recall midnight excursions to the stable during their childhood, when the animals rewarded them with weighty words of wisdom, the cow switching her tail to emphasize an argument, the horse stamping a hoof to drive home a point. The animals are reticent in these modern days, the old folk claim, because of the skeptical attitude of the young, and the newfangled ideas about Christmas. They could talk if they had a mind to, Granny hints, nodding her head sagely, a little disapprovingly, at the children who come back from the stable disappointed.

The newfangled customs which the oldsters frown upon are the arrival of Santa Claus and the habit of trimming a Christmas tree. Both have been recently introduced by seafaring members of the clan who picked them up in "furrin" ports—and all ports farther away than Norfolk, Virginia, are "furrin" to the sand-bankers.

Other miraculous phenomena occur on Hatteras Island on the magical eve of old Christmas. Down deep in the ocean, the bells of

the wrecked, sunken ships set up a tolling and a ringing. The air is full of muffled pealing, and, if one listens very closely, one can hear it. This idea of bells ringing under the ocean was a common belief of medieval England. Shakespeare used it in his play *The Tempest*:

"Full fathoms five thy father lies;
"Of his bones are coral made;
"Those are pearls that were his eyes:
"Nothing of him that doth fade,
"But doth suffer a sea-change
"Into something rich and strange.
"Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell;
"Hark! Now I hear them—
"Ding-dong, bell!"

Indeed, the entire Christmas celebration at Rodanthe, except for the "newfangled" ideas just creeping in, might have been lifted unchanged from those olden times and set down in the present. In the light of a pale dawn that breaks over a slate-gray ocean, the young folk get up and go from house to house, singing carols, their voices high and clear above the constant undertone of breaking surf. The songs they sing have been handed down for many generations, and the words and tunes are the same that sounded through Merrie England when good Queen Bess reigned.

ATTENTION GIRL SCOUTS AND ALL READERS OF *The American Girl*

In your letters to your foreign friends, it is particularly important in this time of war that you refrain from writing critically of the people or the governments of other countries, since you are living in a neutral country and have a responsibility not to embarrass the recipients of your letters or your own government.—Birdsall Otis Edey, Chairman International Committee, Girl Scouts, Inc.

For many days beforehand, the children have gone about reciting an old nursery rhyme in their quaint speech, soliciting for their Christmas funds:

"Christmas is a-comin', the geese is gittin' fat,
"Please put a penny in the old man's hat.
"Haven't got a penny, half a penny'll do.
"Haven't got a half-a-penny, God bless you!"

They find, on Old Christmas day, that their statement about the geese is entirely true. Not a turkey, as in other parts of the country, but a plump roast goose comes to the table in Rodanthe—not one of the common farmyard variety, as one might expect, but a large Canadian wild goose. These great black-and-white-and-gray birds alight on the wild stretch of sand on their migratory journeys and are caught and domesticated. This is done by the simple method of clipping their wings so that they cannot fly away to join their fellows. The result is a flock of apparently contented fowl honking about the cottage doors, always at hand to form the *pièce de résistance* of a holiday feast.

The Christmas fires of Rodanthe do not leap up from logs as upon other hearths throughout the land. There are no trees to furnish logs, no trees of any kind except one old scraggly live oak. All the others have long since given way before encroaching sand and storms which send the Atlantic roaring across the settlement. But driftwood, which the villagers gather and store for the holidays, makes a delightful substitute, for it burns with a fairy flame of multicolored light, more beautiful than any ordinary fire and with a merrier, cheerier crackle and snap.

The picturesque celebration of these islanders has attracted so much attention of late years, that they are growing a little self-conscious about it. Some are beginning to observe December twenty-fifth as well as the more ancient date. This, according to the young folk, is all to the good. Two Christ-

mases, less than a week apart, is nothing to complain about.

On the mainland, the custom of celebrating Old Christmas has faded from the memory of the white population, but among the Negroes, who have a genius for keeping tradition alive, it is still fresh and green. And they have added a few wonders of their own to a day of miracles. The geese get married on Old Christmas day, the Negroes say, and hold their honeymoons, the bride and groom pairing off and feeding together privately, and billing and cooing like lovebirds all day long. The elderberry bushes spring up suddenly in a lush green growth above the barren soil; at sundown they wilt and do not reappear until the warm sun of spring brings them up in their natural growth. But the most miraculous spectacle of all is the sight of the sun shouting for joy.

The sun rises twice on Old Christmas morning, they will tell you. The first dawn is not the true one, but an act of exultation and adoration. About twenty minutes before the actual sunrise, the sun lifts itself a little above the dark rim of the earth and begins to shout. The word "shout," to the Negro's mind, means that act of religious ecstasy which sometimes overcomes the worshipers during their church services, when they leap up, throwing their arms above their heads in dramatic gestures, weeping and shouting, "Glory! Glory Hallelujah!" According to the colored folk, this is somewhat how the sun behaves on Old Christmas morning; and they stand, young and old, shivering in the chill before the dawn, staring at it eagerly through pieces of smoked window glass. Those shafts of light which emanate from the glowing ball begin to vibrate; in the words of the Negroes, "De sun jes' jump up and down and tremble wid joy. Den, jes' lak he tired out from shoutin', he sink back behime de yearth agin, to rest awhile before de sure-nuff sunrise."

The regular Christmas of December twenty-fifth passes among the Negroes much in the same way as for the whites. There are simple presents in the children's stockings in the morning, and in the middle of the day a big dinner is set out on the gay, oil-cloth-covered table. Turkey is seldom available to these humble people, for it is a costly fowl, but 'possum and 'taters is their cherished dish, and old man 'possum, hunted and treed by the trusty 'possum dog and fattened for the occasion, comes to the table on the big day baked to a crusty brown and surrounded with sweet potatoes. With the ever plentiful collard greens from their own gardens, molasses pie, and a foamy glass of persimmon beer for topping off, a meal is set forth to brighten all the dark faces with a white-toothed grin.

After this satisfying meal, the Negroes go visiting, every one carrying a shotgun who owns or can borrow one. As they walk along the country roads, paying calls from cabin to cabin, they fire the guns into the air at intervals, as long as the ammunition holds out. "Firing salutes" they call this noisy method of expressing the Christmas spirit, and it seems to be particularly satisfying to the African nature, for a wild whoop of delight goes up after each gun's discharge.

What with all the "saluting," the yelling, and the firecrackers, a stranger to the country might be startled into thinking that the Civil War had begun all over again. But those of us who were born there would know that it was merely the high spirits of Southerners, both dark and light, breaking out into loud explosions of Christmas joy.

"Information, Please!"



JEAN and Joan sat on the sofa in Jean's mother's comfortable living room, their heads bent over the January number of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* which the postman had just left at the door. The cover, a design by S. Wendell Campbell, gay with colored balloons and ribbon streamers, pictured a girl and boy dancing at a New Year's Eve party.

"Mrs. Campbell's girls are always so pretty," said Joan enthusiastically, "and their clothes are lovely. She draws good-looking boys and men, too. I love her work, and this cover particularly."

"So do I," Jean agreed warmly. "There's always so much rhythm and lilt in her drawings."

• "Oh, look!" cried Joan suddenly. "Here's an article on Madame Thorborg of the Metropolitan. Do you remember how gloriously she sang 'Ortrud' in *Lohengrin* last year? And here are simply wonderful photographs of her—as 'Fricka' in

the *Valkyrie*, as 'Amneris' in *Aida*, as 'Brangaene' in *Tristan and Isolde*, and lots of others. And oh, Jin, see! Madame Thorborg has autographed this lovely picture of herself, as herself, to us."

Jean read aloud, "'To *THE AMERICAN GIRL*—Kerstin Thorborg.' Isn't that thrilling, Jo? And isn't she beautiful?"

• "Rather! And the article is by Janet Ramsay, who wrote *Voice of Glory*, that grand piece about Madame Flagstad, and all of our stories about the 'Friday Afternoon Dozen.'"

Jean nodded. "I'm dying to read her new book, *Singing Bird*. It's about one of the F. A. D.'s, Alice Enright, and how she studied voice with the famous opera singer, Madame Palmgren, and became a great friend of Eric Palmgren, the singer's son."

"I'm going to read that book soon," said Joan, "it sounds swell." She turned again to *THE AMERICAN*

GIRL. "By the way, Kitty Carman told me in school to-day that there's a Questionnaire in the back of the magazine, and if you answer the questions you get your choice of a lot of attractive samples. Kit says it's heaps of fun to fill in the Questionnaire and a help to the magazine, too, for it gives advertisers information about things they want to know—like hobbies of *AMERICAN GIRL* readers, I mean, and how often they go to the movies, and whether they own typewriters or know how to use a sewing machine."

"That sounds interesting," said Jean. "I move we turn to that page right now and answer the Questionnaire this afternoon."

•
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